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The Voyage out.

Clifford's Inn.

21st Dec. 1912.

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Voyage
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Every week spent out here in the company of Helen & Ridley made her life at Richmond seem ~~to her~~ stranger & stranger; losing its detail it became at once humorous & very irritating. The characters & her daily life of her Aunts could easily be made matter for ~~pleasant~~ or speculation ~~were plainly seen to be laughable~~; but ~~her own position~~ she saw herself as a captive, blindfold. With great animation & bursts of laughter she tried to set it all ~~them~~ before Hewat. ~~He~~ It seemed to her that their day was cut into four pieces by their meals. These divisions were absolutely rigid, & what the rest of the day had to be fitted in between them, ~~as one fits~~ the contents of the day accommodating itself as ~~it~~ they best might to the four ~~the~~ divisions.

"Well, said Hewat, how d'ye spend your morning?"

"I spend it playing the piano. I never read then. Often I was interrupted."

"And after luncheon?"

"Then I went shopping with one of my Aunts. Or we went to see some one, or we took a message, or we did something that had to be done. They ... the poor a good deal — Charwomen who have bad legs — I walked in the Park to-day. Paris 1889. And after tea; people sometimes called; or in summer we sat in the Garden, in winter I read aloud while they worked; & after dinner we I played the piano ~~read~~, & they wrote letters. If father was at home we had friends & his to dinner — & of course we went to the play now & then ~~certainly a count~~. ~~Every now~~ about once a month they we went out to dinner — dances sometimes in London; but it was difficult because of [illegible]

~~remember~~ ~~But I never liked~~ The people we saw were old family friends, relations ~~cousins~~, — but we didn't see many people. There are the clergyman, Mr. Pepper, & the Hunts — Father generally

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wanted to be quiet at home because he was busy up at Hull. Also, I think my Aunts were afraid of him; especially Aunt Lucy. You see, a house takes up a lot of time, she continued, if you really look after it; our servants were always bad, & so Aunt Lucy used to do a good deal in the kitchen, & Aunt Clara I think spent most of the morning at any rate dusting & going through the linen & the silver. Then there were the dogs. They had to be exercised; besides being washed & brushed. Now Sandy's dead, however — And Aunt Clara has a very ~~But the parroquett~~ old Cockatoo, that came from India — Everything in our house, she exclaimed, comes from somewhere! Its full of old furniture, not really old, Victorian, things mother had & father had; which they like, because it reminds them of the past, I suppose, though we've ~~not~~ really no room for it ~~now~~. Its rather a nice house, she continued, ~~but rather~~ gloomy. Except that the way its done is ugly — dull I should say. "She called up before her eyes a vision of the drawing room; ~~which~~ was a large room, with a window opening on the garden. Green plush chairs; were set against the wall; & heavy oak bookcases, with glass doors; & a general impression, faded sofa cover. ~~& a trail of feminine work~~ Photographs of old Italian pictures hung on the wall, & baskets with pieces of work hanging out of them. It was a room without definite character, being neither typically & openly ~~middle~~ hideous, or skenously artistic. ~~But it was not~~ nor was it comfortable. Rachel roused herself from contemplating this familiar picture. "This isn't isn't very interesting for you" she remarked.

"Good Lord!" Hewet exclaimed. "I've never been so much interested in my life!" She realised that while she had gone back to Richmond his eyes had never left her face.

places of [illegible] had [illegible] to, & one [illegible] two [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] distinguished [illegible].

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"Go on, go on, please go on. ~~What on earth do you~~ do? Lets imagine its a Wednesday. You're all at luncheon — You sit there, & yo Aunt Lucy is there, & Aunt Clara there" he arranged three pebbles. "Aunt Clara carves the neck of lamb" Rachel continued. "There's a very ugly yellow china stand in front of me, called a dumb waiter on which are three dishes, one for biscuits, one for butter, one for cheese. Then there's Blanche the maid. We talk — O yes, its Aunt Lucy's day in Walworth, so we're rather hurried. She goes off. Aunt Clara has a committee; so I go out with the dogs. Up Richmond hill, along the terrace, into the Park. Its the 18th of April — the same as today. Spring in England. The earth is rather damp. However, I ~~cross to the~~ get into the grass, & we walk along, singing — I generally sing — until we come to the open place where you can see the whole of London beneath you on a clear day — There's a peak for Hampstead, a Westminster Cathedral, a factory chimneys. That is by the keepers Lodge where the deer are. It smells delicious. There are clouds; in spite of the sun — a haze of cross over London. Sometimes I've seen balloons there — pale yellow balloons. I assure you its every bit as beautiful as this — ~~& then~~ — I know every tree in the Park! she exclaimed. I could tell you now how you get from place to place; & what one generally sees. Autumn best, when the deer are barking. [Then I like the dark, when no body can see one, & the streets are lit going home.] I walked there when I was a child with my nurses. I played all kinds of games there. ~~Now I shall think of different things.~~ — ~~Then I like~~ I picked up there a lark then home with me. Then I like the ~~dark~~ dark, when no one sees one properly, & the lights are being lit — O ~~in spite of everything~~ whatever you may say, the end, means something, its wonderful! in England.

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"~~It's the people~~" said Hewet.

But you have to be in for tea I suppose? Hewet checked her.

Tea? O yes. Five o'clock. Then I say what I've done, & they say what they've done; ~~& so it's time to chair dress for dinner~~; & Some one comes in – Mrs Hunt, let suppose; an old lady with a lame leg. She has eight children; so we talk about them. I'm supposed to be Dorothy's friend. However, she's now engaged. The others are ~~always~~ all scattered about the world, so ~~they~~ one can ask where they are –

Terence laughed; ~~Rachel laughed~~; & sometimes, mark Hearern, they're ill, or in plague smitten districts, or places where it only rains one – five months. She had a ~~One of her~~ sons who hugged to death was eaten by a bear – ~~the promising one~~.

free spoken men, with whom one could be at ease; incomparably more subtle in emotion than the people here. Warming

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"Here Rachel stopped, & looked at Hewet to see whether he was amused by the dear things that amused her. She was reassured. But she thought it necessary to apologise again. "You can conceive how it interests me" he said Indeed, his cigarette had gone out, & he had to light another.

"Why does it interest you?" she asked shyly.

"Partly of course because you're a woman" he replied. When he said this, Rachel who had become oblivious of anything except that ~~she was very much interested in~~ her life had been full of interesting & amusements, & sensations, recollected in a flash all that her new books had put into her head about womanhood. She felt herself at once so singular & under observation, as she felt with St John Hirst. She was about to launch into an argument, which would soon have made them both feel bitterly towards each other, upon the fortuitous omen which had robbed her of the power to walk about London alone, leaving her on fine June nights, shut up in a suburban bedroom listening to the creak of the stairs & the sepulchral sounds made by hot water pipes, when Hewet led her thoughts in a different direction.

"I've often walked along the streets - suburban streets, & Kensington streets, where one house is exactly like another, & wondered what on earth the women were doing inside. Just think! It's nineteen hundred & twelve; & until a few years ago no woman had ever said anything at all. There it was, going on in the back ground, for all those thousands of years, this curious, silent, unrepresented life. Men said things about women; if you read you'd know that they've been jeered at, or adored, or worshipped by every man that ever written; but I believe we still don't know in the very least how they live, what they feel, what they think precisely.

I have spoken to a few young women about their love affairs. But lives of women of fanty, of unmarried women, of working women, — of women like your Aunts, like Mrs Thornbury, like Miss Allan — I know absolutely nothing about them. Its the mans view that's represented you see. Think of a railway train; fifteen carriages for men who want to smoke. One cant imagine fifteen carriages ~~labelled~~ "for women who want to knit. But I sometimes imagine that women dont really want this way of life. They submit. But dont you laugh at us a great deal? Dont you think it all a great humbug?" Rachel tried to consider what her Aunts point of view really was. They were very much afraid of her father; ~~often~~ she had seen her ~~old~~ Aunt Lucy in tears, & her father scolding ~~because he snubbed~~ her. He was a great dim force in the house; always propitiated; not much loved, a mysterious power, by means of which somehow, they held on to the real world, the world of politics, ~~art~~ & business; the articulate world which is represented every morning in the Times. But it was true; their real life, the life of the house indeed, was something quite different from this. It went on ~~was quite~~ independently of Mr Vinrace; rather ~~subdued~~ changing colour in his presence. hiding itself. ~~They~~ had ~~a~~ All kinds of things were kept secret from him. He had probably no notion at all of the ~~kind~~ of relationship that ~~exis~~ted between the two sisters; ~~for instance~~; which was fonder of which — or of their conception of religion, duty, charity; what they did every day, why they did it. He was good humoured towards them; but contemptuous. She had ~~unco~~ always ~~believed~~ that her ~~st~~ taken it for granted that his point of view was more or less just; & that in the ideal scale of things, where one person was more important than another, they were considerably less important than he was. But did she really

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believe that? Hewet's words made her think. She always submitted to her father, just as they did. If he were to appear now, & slap her on the shoulder, she would laugh, to propitiate him.

But it was her aunts who influenced her really; her aunts who ~~somehow~~ built up ~~secreted~~ the fine closely woven substance of their life at home; they they were less splendid, but more natural than her father was.

All her rages had been against them; it was their world, ~~that~~ with its four meals, its punctuality, & servants in the stairs at half past ten that she examined so closely, & wanted to smash to atoms. Following these thoughts she looked up & said "And there's a sort of beauty in it — in women's lives" she added. There they go on in Richmond at this very moment building things up. They're all wrong perhaps, but there's a kind of beauty. Its so unconscious. So modest. And yet they feel things ~~every day~~. They do mind if people die. They do ~~things, you know, because they think they ought~~ to quite a lot. ~~Unmarri~~ Old Spinsters do are always doing things. You have to live with them to see. You'd think them very dull if you met them. ~~I shouldn't wonder if they mattered very much really.~~ But I don't quite know what they do. Only that was what I felt when I lived with them. It was very real." The Wants & the Carys, the Ebbethwaites, & Mrs Potter — "the guilted

~~"And you were happy?" Hewet asked.~~

All their little journeys to & fro, to Walworth, to Charwomens houses, to meetings all their minute acts of charity & unselfishness, which flowered punctually from a definite view of what ~~they~~ life is, ~~a Womens Duty~~ is, their friendships, their tastes & habits ~~massed themselves to gether in her mind~~, accumulated in a mass; the ~~image occurred of people building, building by grains of sand perpetually dropping~~ a ~~St~~. like grains of sand always falling, & heaping up a deep, solid mass.

"And were you happy?" Hewat asked. ~~Dwelling on these subjects,~~ Again she had lost consciousness generally, & he called her back to an unusually vivid consciousness.

"O!" She cried, I was happy & I was miserable; you're no can option what's it like — to be a young woman." She looked straight at him.

"There are terrors & agonies" she ~~said~~ said ~~continued~~.

"I can believe it" he replied. He looked gravely at her, encouraging her to continue.

"Things one sees in the streets —"

"Prostitutes?"

"Men kissing one."

He nodded his head.

"Things one guesses at."

"You were never told?"

She shook her head.

"And then she continued; ~~a girl is much more lonely than a boy. No one pays her any attention.~~ She ~~checked~~ stopped. He could see that she was struggling whether to tell him or not; & she could not speak lest she should burst into tears. A picture had come before her eyes, which she could not pass directly; ~~to tell him & it would be impossible.~~ a picture of her mother stooping over her & saying good night; another picture of her aunts bobbing down & packing her good night; He ~~stumbled~~ came near to it ~~when~~ by asking her "~~Do~~ Can you remember your mother?" Those two pictures were that ~~was~~ what she remembered. She nodded her head; said yes; longed that he should take her in his arms; ~~& went on.~~ ~~made up her mind to~~ but made up her mind to go on. pass it, & ~~went on~~ succeeded. She could not ask him to take her in his arms as she wanted to.

"A girl is more lonely than a boy" she continued. ~~Her eyes now~~ brightened ~~as at with the memory of~~: No one cares in the least

what she does. nothing expected of her. ~~It's very odd to feel that~~ unless ones very pretty, when I suppose,

it differed. people dont listen to what you say... And that is what I like nice" she added.

Her eyes became v. bright, as at a pleasant memory. I like walking in Richmond Park & singing & knowing it doesn't matter a damn to anybody. I like seeing things & on — as we saw you that night when you didn't see us — ~~I like the~~

~~One feels~~ It like being the wind or the sea"; ~~she said~~, she turned with a looked

with ~~a beautiful~~ Curious gesture of her hands & looked ~~Dreamily~~ at the blue water. It was still very blue, dancing & rippling as far ~~as the eye~~ though the sun was less hot; & the clouds were turning flamingo red.

A feeling of great depression had come over Hewet as he listened. It seemed plain to him that she would never care for one person rather ~~more~~ than another. She was ~~young; but at her age, she~~ evidently ~~she did not care for~~ quite indifferent to him. And her gesture as she turned away had been ~~free &~~ oddly beautiful.

"nonsense" he said abruptly. "You like people — you like admiration. Your real grudge against Hirst is that he doesn't admire you".

She made no answer for some time. Then she said.

"That's probably true. And of course I like people — I love them. I like you. almost everyone I've ever met." ~~What d'you~~ She turned her back on the sea, & looked at Hewet with ~~eager~~ friendly of critical eyes. He was good looking in the sense that he had always had a sufficiency of beef & fresh air. His head big, the eyes were generally vague, but could be forcible; his lips were sensitive, & ~~cap~~ he appeared ~~a~~ to be a man of considerable passion, fitful energy, & his faults were likely to be moods which had no relation to facts, & ~~laziness~~ a too easy toleration. On the other hand the breadth of his forehead expressed capacity for thought.

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~~Her not~~ The interest with which she looked at him ~~he inspired her~~ was heard ~~obvious~~ in her voice.

"What novels do you write?" she asked.

"I want to write a novel, he said, about Silence. The things people dont say. Half one's life's at ~~least is passed~~ great in silence. The difficulties immense ~~But there are diffi~~culties —" he sighed. "But you dont care" he continued. He looked at her almost severely. "Nobody cares. All ~~they're~~ you read a novel for is to see what sort of person the writer is; ~~if~~ &, if you know him, which of his friends he's put in — As for the novel itself, the whole conception, the way one's seen the thing, felt about it, made it stand in relation to other things — no one — not one in a million I suppose — cares for that. And yet I sometimes wonder whether there's anything else in the whole world ~~of well~~ worth doing." These other people, or ~~the Hirats~~ ~~the people~~ at the ~~hotel~~ he continued, these merchants & ~~scholars~~ politicians & lawyers, & philanthropists, they're all dissatisfied; all ~~fumbling~~ wanting for something ~~or other~~ they dont get; ~~all~~ If I could only write that book as it ought to be written, you might put me in a bag & throw me into a pond. And even if one can never write it, there's the perpetual interest of the thing, & the And there's always the chance; & then there's the interest — Good Lord! he exclaimed, what you said just now is true; one doesn't want to be things; one wants merely to be allowed to see them.

She asked him whether he was a good writer.

"I'm better than Wellesley" he said: "I'm ~~about~~ nor as good as ~~Thomas Hardy~~ Meredith."

It was his turn to feel depressed

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It was her turn now to feel depressed. Talking of writing he had become suddenly impersonal.

"Are you a good writer?" she asked.

"Yes" he said, "I'm not first rate, of course; I'm good second rate; about as good as Thackeray."

Rachel was amazed. For one thing she was amazed to hear Thackeray called second rate; & then, she could not believe that even supposing there ~~were~~ could be great writers at the present day, ~~she could~~ any one she knew could be ~~one~~ a great writer. His self confidence astounded her. He became more & more remote.

"My other novel, Hewet continued, is about a young man who is obsessed by the idea of being a gentleman. He manages to get at Cambridge on a hundred pounds a year. He has a coat; it was once a very good coat. But the trousers — they're not so good. Well, he goes up to London, gets into good society, owing to an early morning adventure upon the banks of the Serpentine. He's led into telling lies (my idea, you see, is to show the corruption of the soul); calls himself the son of some great landed proprietor in Devonshire — Meanwhile, the coat becomes older & older; & he hardly dares to wear his trousers. Can't you imagine the wretched man, after some splendid evening of debauchery, contemplating these garments & hanging them over the end of the bed, arranging them now in full light, now in shade; & wondering whether they will survive him, or he them. Thoughts of suicide often cross his mind. He has a friend, too, & many ~~in a~~ who somehow subsists upon selling small birds, for which he traps in the field nine Uxbridge in small makes the cages. They're scholars — both of them. I shall ~~describe~~ always know one or two, wretched starving creatures, who

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Quote Mr Aristotle at you when you think of producing heavy crown. Fashionable life too, I have to represent at some length; in order to show my hero in all conditions — Lady Theodora Bingham Bingley, whose bay mare he had the good fortune to stop, is the daughter of a very fine old Tory Peer. I'm going to describe the kind a partie I am went to — the fashionable intellectuals you know, who like to have the latest book on their tables — There's no difficulty you see in conceiving incidents; the difficulty is to put them into shape — not to get run away with, as poor Lady Theodora was; and ended disastrously for her, poor woman. The book, as I originally conceived it, was going to end in profound & sordid — comfort — Disowned by her father, she marries my hero, & they live in a fairly comfortable villa outside Croydon, in which town he is a respectable estate agent — He never does become a real gentleman. "But after all." Does that seem to you the kind of book you'd like to read?" he enquired. — Or perhaps you'd like my Stuart tragedy better. he continued, without waiting for her to answer him. My idea is that there's a certain quality of beauty in the past, which the ordinary historical novelist entirely ruins, by his absurd ~~kind of~~ convention — The moon, you know, becomes the Regent of the Skies" — & ~~instead of~~ people clap spurs to their horses sides a sen. I conceive London in the time of the Stuarts as a magnificent place. ~~It is~~ There were ~~both~~ the great Inns & the palaces, & the gardens, & the river. I'm going to write the life of an old woman who sells oranges & toys in St James Park. The people were much the same as we are; only freer, more brutal.
I'm going to treat people as though they were exactly the same

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as we are. The advantage is that detached from the modern conditions, one can make them ~~they're~~ more intense, more abstract, than people like ourselves."

Rachel had listened to all this with a certain degree of depression. ~~She could not understand~~ why Hewet should want to write novels. Although they did not seem to her very interesting, there was no doubt that these plots interested him.

She wondered why he wanted to write novels.

"I'm not like Hewet who sees ~~I dont~~ see circles between people's feet" said Hewet, after a pause. It would be easier if I did. ~~I tend~~ Its so various & profound; one cant make judgments; d'you find that?" And One never knows what anyone feels. We're ~~shut up in separate towers~~ all in the dark." We try to find out; but I can you imagine anything more ludicrous than one persons opinion of another? One thinks one knows; one goes along ~~buoyed up in this im a kind of~~ but one really doesn't know." He was leaning on his elbow, arranging & rearranging in the grass the stones which had represented Rachel & her Aunts at luncheon. In saying this he was speaking as much to himself as to Rachel. He was reasoning against the ~~intense~~ desire which had returned with intensity to take her in his arms, ~~to cry out that~~ to have done with indirectness, to explain exactly what he felt. All the things that were important about her he knew; he felt in air around them; but he said nothing; he went on arranging the stones.

"I like you; d'you like me?" Rachel suddenly observed; she might have ~~been~~ known ~~his~~ what he was thinking.

"I like you immensely" Hewet replied. He stopped moving the pebbles with the relief of a person who is suddenly given an opportunity of saying what he wants to say.

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"We might call each other Terence & Rachel might not we?" he ~~sugge~~ asked.

"Terence" ~~said~~ Rachel repeated. That's like the call of an owl."

"And ~~Rachel — that's the loveliest word~~ best name in the language."

Looking at Terence, as he spoke his name, Rachel was struck by the extraordinary change which had come in the sky since they had sat down on the edge of the ~~le~~ cliff. The ghost of blue daylight was in the sky, & ~~the~~ as the peace of evening after the hot day was most noticeable: & the clouds were red.

"What can be the time?" she exclaimed. It was close on eight.

"But it doesn't matter here, does it?" Terence asked, as they rose hastily & turned towards the villa. They began to walk rather quickly down the hill, on a little path between the olive trees.

"What I want to do in writing novels is very much what you want to do when you play the piano, I expect" he began; he threw the words back over his shoulder. "We want to find out what's behind things. Look at those lights down there. When I feel anything it's a dot of light. I want to combine sensations, to make them ~~into shapes~~, these dots of lights into shapes — ~~the like those fire works~~ which like the shapes of fireworks — flowers, cows, tea pots — D'you understand?" They came out on to the road. Rachel had not understood; or she did not agree that when she played the piano she wanted to do exactly what Terence did when he wrote novels. She began to explain to him

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how Bach wrote fugues. He was completely ignorant of music so that she had to stop here & there & make figures in the dust with the point of a stick.

"My musical ~~education~~ gift was ruined, he explained, after one of these demonstrations by the village organist, who had invented an ideally simple theory of notation, which he tried to teach me; in consequence I never got to the tune playing part at all — My mother, you see, thought music wasn't manly for boys; She had my sisters taught, but I had to ~~chase~~ kill birds, — & rats, ~~& things~~ — ~~Did you~~ Where did you live?" Rachel asked.

"O we've always lived in Devonshire; its a beautiful place; but I dont go there more than I can help — I ~~also~~ dont get on with my mother. I pity my sisters a good deal — O ~~is this~~ here's the gate — Well —" He pushed it open for her. She could not ask him to dinner. ~~She~~ They paused for an instant. Then she disappeared. Directly he could not see her, Hewet was once more conscious of the extreme discomfort of being interrupted just when you are in the middle of a talk — when you have only that instant began to say the things you want to say. On the way back to the hotel he went over all they had said carefully, wondering whether he might not have made a better use of his chance.

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Chapter Twenty One.

Everything he saw was distasteful to him. He hated the blue & white, & the intensity & definiteness, the hum & heat of the South. The landscape seemed to him ~~harsh~~ as hard, as ~~pictures~~ romantic a cardboard background on the stage. He walked fast, in spite of the heat.

~~There were~~ Two roads led out of the ~~town~~ ~~from the hotel~~, town to the East; one of ~~which~~ branched off towards the Ambrose villa, the other struck into the country ~~to a~~ ~~mo~~ eventually reaching a village on the plain; but again & again ~~fruit~~ away from it, ~~but~~ footpaths led ~~off it~~, across great dry fields to scattered farm houses, & the villas of rich natives. Hewet stepped off the road on to one of these, in order to avoid the hardness & heat ~~& dust~~ of the main road, the dust of which was always being raised by carts & Eamshackla ~~bl~~ flies, with tufted horses, which carried parties of festive peasants, or turkeys, ~~ball~~ swelling leneverly like a bunch ~~almost~~ ~~like~~ of air balls beneath a net, or the bed ~~room~~ ~~furniture~~ brass & wooden boxes of some newly married pair.

Stamped in the Earth

[The exercise served to clear away the superficial irritations of the morning. but ~~it only~~ they had made more evident than ever the real ~~perf~~ problem which lay behind them. ~~He~~ The question must be settled if only in order to put himself beyond the reach of such ~~in~~ miseries.] He was no longer irritated; but he was miserable. It seemed ~~evident~~ clear that Rachel was indifferent to him. She had scarcely looked at him; she ~~had~~ had ~~become~~ shown just as much interest in what Mr. Flushing was saying as in

as she in what he said. Hirsts odious words came back into his mind, & he remembered that he had left her talking to Hirst. She was at this moment talking to him. It might be true that she was in love with him. He ran over all the evidence for this supposition — her sudden interest in Hirsts writing, her way of quoting his opinions respectfully her was nickname for him the Great Man — might have more meaning seriousness in it than he imagined.

Damn it all!" he suddenly exclaimed aloud "Am I in love with her?" He did not doubt it for a moment. Ever since he had first met her he had been interested, attracted, more & more interested & attracted; until he scarcely thought of anything Expt Rachel ~~her — he~~ But he checked himself from one of his usual long pleasant absorbing dreams about her to face the ~~[illegible]~~ question. There was no doubt that he was in love with her. ~~But~~ did he want to marry her? This was the real problem, & owing ~~from~~ the irritation & ~~gloom~~ depression which he was beginning to suffer, he felt that he must make up his mind. He did not want to marry. He instantly saw two people sitting alone over the fire; the man reading, the woman sewing. He saw a man ~~[illegible]~~ jump up, say Goodnight, & hasten away with the quiet ~~expect~~ ~~happy~~ secret look of one who is certain ~~&~~ he is going to be happy. Both pictures were unpleasant; & even more so was the third picture of husband & wife & friend, & the look which passed between husband & wife as though ~~there~~ they were content to let such & such a statement pass, being themselves possessed of the deeper truth. These pictures were succeeded by others. Worn contented people sitting with children

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Gound them; very patient & tolerant & wise. That was unpleasant too. He tried all sorts of pictures, for he had known many varities of husbands & wives; but he always saw them walled ~~away from their~~ up in a warm fire lit room.

But when he thought of unmarried people he saw them single, active, unattached, people who stood on the same ground as the rest, ~~without secret~~ without advantage, engaged in any number of interesting ways. All the most individual & humane of his friends were bachelors & spinsters. They were men who painted, wrote, invented, carried on interesting businesses & researches; women who taught, ran societies, worked in offices, knew facts, knew all kinds of people, went about the world. ~~Married women were worse than married men, because they grew so dull, but married men were bad enough.~~ He felt that he could not endure to be docked of his freedom, or blinkered, or given a sweet to suck, while the other people had the fun. He had ~~obs~~ made several observations lately upon the married state, observing Susan & Arthur, or Mr. & Mrs. Thornbury, or Mr. & Mrs. Hugling Elliot. He had observed how the shy happiness of the engaged couple had gradually ~~already~~ been replaced by a comfortable tolerant state of mind, as if they had already done with intimacy ~~surprise~~, & were ~~also~~ taking up their parts. Susan used to follow Arthur about with a sweater, because one day he had let slip that a brother of his had died of pneumonia. Arthur was far less ready to talk about flying & his aeroplane company. They would settle down. ~~Look at the~~ He then looked at the couples who had been married many years. ~~were already far advanced in marriage.~~ It was true that Mrs. Thornbury had a husband, & that for the most part she was wonderfully successful in keeping him good tempered; but one could not imagine what they said when they were alone. There

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the same difficulty with respect to the Elliots; except that they probably bickered in private. They sometimes bickered in public, though their disagreements were painfully covered over by little insincerities on the woman's part if she thought that they were overheard. She was afraid of her husband; she was so much stupider than he was. If it had been possible, there could be no doubt that each of these couples would have separated after the first five years of marriage; or, that it would have been far better for them if they had separated. Miss Allan who had always had to fend for herself was a far finer human being than Mrs. Elliot, a man better than Mr. Thornbury. Thus he reasoned. As usual he imagined that he was saying all these things to Rachel, & what would she have answered?]

& even Helen & Thornbury, whom he admired & respected profoundly — in spite of all the love between them, was not their marriage too, a compromise? She gave way to him; she spoilt him; she contrived little arranged things; she, who was all truth to others, was not true to her husband was not true to others if they came in conflict with her husband. ~~One could not speak to her frankly about him. He had seen Rachel forced to say this & that to please her uncle.~~ It was a strange & miserable flaw in her. Perhaps Rachel had been right then when she said at that night in the garden "We bring out what's worst in each other.. we should love separate." As usual, he had shifted into thinking that he was saying all this to Rachel; & supposing he went on, beginning now to speak aloud "I said to her, I love you, I worship you, but I loathe marriage, I detest its smugness, its safety, its compromises, I dread that you will interfere with my work, so what are we to

to do? — "What would she answer?" He stopped, leant against the trunk of a tree, & gazed without seeing them, at some stones scattered on the bank of the dry river. He saw Rachel's face distinctly, the grey eyes, the hair, the mouth; he saw what could look so many things, plain, vacant, almost insignificant, or wild, vehement, almost beautiful, & yet always looked to him the same because of the extraordinary freedom frankness which marked her in his presence. What would she answer? What did she feel? Did she love him, or did she feel nothing at all, for him or any other man, or being, as she had said that afternoon, free, like the wind or the sea?

"You're free, he began, & you'd keep your freedom. We'd be free together. We'd share everything together. There'd be no compromises between us — nothing but love — the perfect love — That's what I'd give you every day of my life, worshipping you, loving everything about you, as I do now." He sank down on the stones, as if in truth she were lying there looking up him "I love, I love you" he repeated, while the "Always, always" he said. No happiness would be like ours. No lovers would compare with ours — " he opened his arms wide, as if to hold her & the world in one embrace; & the tears poured down his cheeks. No woman in the world's like you." The tears poured down his cheeks; as he knelt on the bank of the river, seeing nothing, with his arms stretched out.

Chapter Twenty Two.

But Hewet was wrong when he imagined that Rachel was talking to Hirst. The party very soon broke up, the Flushings going in one direction, Hirst in another, & Rachel remaining in the hall, pulling the illustrated papers about, ~~& moving restlessly~~ her ~~attitude~~ movements expressing the ~~very~~ unformed restless desire in her mind. She did not know whether to go or to stay, though Mr. Flushing had commanded her to appear at tea. The hall was empty. Save for Miss Willett who was playing scales with her fingers upon a sheet of sacred music; & the Carters, an opulent couple who disliked the girl, because ~~of her~~ shoes, & were untied, & she did not look ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] cheery; ~~which led them to call her a think that she gave herself airs~~; which ~~perhaps~~ led them to think that she would not like them. As Rachel certainly would not have liked them ~~if she had seen them~~, because Mr. Carter waxed his moustache, & Mrs. Carter wore bracelets, & they did not like her; ~~& she could have it was as well that~~ but she was ~~too to restless to think~~ but at this moment she was too restless to ~~[illegible]~~ see them at all. did not happen to see them. She was turning over a slippery American magazine

When the swing door swung, a wedge of light fell upon the floor, & & small white figure upon whom the light seemed focussed made straight across the room to her.

"What, you here?" ~~She~~ Evelyn exclaimed. "Just caught a glimpse of you at lunch, but you wouldn't condescend to look at me." (she looked round her) I hate this place — I hate these people. I want to talk to you. Come up to my room — ~~[illegible]~~ She took Rachel by the wrist, & forced her ~~to come~~ out of the hall, up ~~at~~ the stairs. As they

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ran up the stairs, Evelyn who still kept hold of Rachels arm ejaculated some broken sentences about not caring a hang what anyone said – "Why should one if one knows one's right?. & let 'em all go to Hayes – theirs my opinion!" She was obviously excited; ~~rather a little~~ only waiting for the door to shut to tell Rachel all about it. Indeed, directly they ~~had~~ were inside her room, she sat on the end of the bed & said "I suppose you think I'm mad?"

Rachel was not in the mood to think clearly about anyone's state of mind. She was however in the mood to say whatever occurred to her, without fear of the consequences.

"Some bodys just proposed to you" she said.

"How on earth did you ~~know~~ guess that?" Evelyn exclaimed. with pleasure ~~But~~ mingling with her surprise ~~She was pleased~~, because now there was no need to beat about the bush. "Do I look as if I'd just had a proposal?"

"~~You~~" said Rachel. "You look ~~excited~~ as if you'd had proposals every day."

"I dont suppose I've had more than you've had." said Evelyn. rather weakly.

"I've ~~not~~ never had one"

"But you will – lots. ~~I to admire you awfully~~ – though ~~people might think you too~~ no – what happened to me isnt a proposal – exactly. Its – o its a muddle – a detestable, horrible, disgusting muddle!" She went to the washstand & began sponging her cheeks with cold water; they were flaming red. "~~Albert~~ Alfred Perrott says I've promised to marry him, & I say I never did. ~~Sind~~

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Raymond says he'll shoot himself if I don't marry him — I say "Well, shoot yourself!" but of course he doesn't — they never do — and Raymond got hold of me this afternoon, & began bothering me to give an answer

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She walked about the room, dabbing her wet cheeks with a towel. Tears, mixed now with the drops of cold water. "It makes me angry" she explained, drying her eyes. Rachel sat watching her; the world seemed full of people in torment. "There's only one man here I really like" Evelyn continued. "Terence Hewet. One feels one can trust him."

At these words Rachel suffered an indescribable chill; her heart seeming to be pressed by cold hands.

"Why?" she asked. "Why can you trust him?"

"I don't know" said Evelyn. "But you have feelings about people, feelings you're absolutely certain are right? I had a long talk with Terence the other night; I felt we really were friends after that. There's something of a woman in him —" She paused, as though she were thinking of very intimate things Terence had told her; so Rachel at least interpreted her gaze.

She tried to make herself say "Has he proposed to you?" but the question was too tremendous; in another instant Evelyn was off upon quite a different train of thought, about how that the finest men were sometimes like women, & how women were able to understand men, for example one couldn't imagine a woman like Lillah Harris thinking a base thing or having anything mean about her.

"How I wish you knew her!" she exclaimed.

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but he must force himself to think of her as a person with whom he might have to spend all that remained of his life. What was she like? Did he really know anything about her? When he was with her it was very difficult to analyse her qualities because they were so happy. She ~~seemed to~~ was clearly young for her age; & yet in some ways very old; she ~~was~~ had very little self confidence, & yet she ~~despised~~ saw other peoples faults; she was happy, but what made her happy? What would happen if they were quite alone together, & the excitement had worn off, & they had to deal with the ordinary facts of the day. He was himself apt to be unpunctual, & to dislike being interrupted by notes. Rachel was inclined to be punctual; he had never seen her answer a note. Supposing they went out to dinner with ~~Mr. & Mrs. Wr~~ the Wilson Crooms; & they began about the liberal party, & how would she behave? ~~She knew nothing about politics; but she was quite intelligent enough to learn.~~ O yes, she was intelligent, though absolutely ignorant; & she was honest. Hirst doubted whether women ~~ever~~ could be honest, because of the ~~formation~~ shape of their skulls; but & she was not honest in the sense that Hirst was honest; but in another sense she was far more honest. ~~Well then, she was not~~ Her temper was uncertain; she was not domestic. She was not easy. She was not quiet — & yet. She was all those things too; she ~~was~~ had an extraordinary power of understanding what he said to her; & yet she was never servile. He could not decide how they would get through a day alone together, except that it would be the most exciting summing it all up; he knew nothing much less ~~definite~~ about her; she might behave in almost any way when it ~~came to living with her~~; than he knew about most people; ~~she was almost like himself~~; & yet

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Analysing her was like anglysing himself; & he knew all the things that mattered; the rest were details, & he was certain that they could spend fifty years together not in smooth comfort but in rapturous delight — only, what would she say if he asked her to marry him? — ~~Supposing he went to her & said~~ " & marriage, would marriage be tolerable even with Rachel? he could not bear the thought ~~of marriage~~. Supposing he went to & said to her; he ~~stopped~~ ~~walk~~ slackened his pace & began to speak aloud, & to speak ~~spoke~~ as if he were speaking to Rachel, " I love you. I worship you.

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She was gradually becoming calmer, though she wiped away a tear now & then. "Lillah runs a home for inebriate women in the Deptford Road. She started it, managed it, did everything of her own bat, & now it's the biggest of its kind in England. You can't think what some of those women are like, — & their homes. ~~Poor creatures!~~ But she goes among them at all hours of the day & night. I've often been with her.. ~~What~~ That's what's the matter with us. We don't do things. What do you do?" She demanded, looking at Rachel with a slightly ironical smile; Rachel had scarcely listened to any of this, & her expression was vacant & unhappy. She had conceived an equal dislike for Lillah Harris & her work in the Deptford Road, & for Evelyn M. & her profusion of love affairs.

"I play" she answered, with an affectation of stolid composure

"That's just about it!" Evelyn laughed. "We've none you done anything but play, & that's why women like Lillah Harris who's worth twenty of you me, has to work herself to the bone."

But I'm tired of playing, she went on, lying flat on the bed, & raising her arms above her head. Thus stretched out, she looked more diminutive than ever.

"I'm going to do something. In fact I began before I left England. Look here, you must join. I'm sure you've got any amount of stuff in you, though you look — well, as if you'd lived ~~at the~~ in a garden." She ~~s~~ sat up, & began speaking with great energy. "~~In London to~~ I belong to a ~~Co~~ Club in London. It meets every Saturday so it's called the Saturday Club.

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~~I was~~ We're supposed to talk about art; but I'm sick of talking about art; whats the good of it? When all kinds of things are happening ~~all~~ round me ~~I~~ ~~There they sit gaming away, &~~ that really matter? ~~So~~ It isn't as if they said anything worth hearing either. ~~They just go round & round~~, And they cant paint. So what I told 'em was that ~~it~~ we'd talked enough about art, & we'd better talk about life for a change. ~~Prostitutes.~~ The White Slave Traffic; ~~the~~ Woman suffrage: so on. And when we'd made up our minds what we wanted to do, we could form ourselves into a society for doing it. ~~My notion was that we might have a society w~~ We've talked quite enough. ~~It~~ That's why I want a revolution. ~~We all w~~. We've forgotten what real life is. ~~Are you real?~~ ~~I~~ nothing else matters except that ~~I don't mind what about anything else~~, So ~~long as~~ things ~~are~~ real. ~~That's what matters.~~ Are you real?"

~~For instance~~, I'm always certain that if people like ourselves were to take the thing in hand, instead of leaving it to policemen — magistrates, we could put a stop to — prostitution — "her" The sank her voice over the ugly word — in six months. My idea is that men & women ought to join in these matters; We ought to go into Piccadilly, & ~~walk up~~ stop to one of these poor wretches & say "how look here; I'm no better than you are, & I don't pretend to be any better; but you're doing what you know to be beastly, & I won't have you doing beastly things, because after all, we're all the same under our skins, & ~~it does~~

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or you do a bearer
~~What~~ you do does matter to me." Of ~~course it does~~!
That's what Mr. Bax was saying this morning. & its true, though
you clever people - are you clever too? — dont believe it.
"I dont see why the ~~At the~~ Saturday Club people shouldn't do a really great work in that
way" the went on - "Of course it would want organisation,
someone to give their life to it; but I'm ready. My idea is,
to think of the human beings first, & to let the abstract ideas take
care of themselves. What's wrong with Lillah - if there is anything
wrong, is that she thinks of temperance first, & the women
afterwards. Now there's one thing I'll say to my credit"
She continued, I'm not intellectual, or artistic, or anything of
that sort, but I'm jolly human." She slipped off the
bed & sat on the floor, looking up at Rachel, ~~with~~ She
searched ~~up~~ into her face as if she were trying to read what
kind of character was concealed behind the face. She
put her hand on Rachels knee.
"It is being a human that counts, isn't it?" she continued.
being real. Whatever Mr. Hirst may say. Are you real?"
Rachel felt much as Teresa had felt that Evelyn was much too
close to her. But she felt also ~~as he had felt, that~~
that there was something exciting in this closeness, although she ~~did~~ was not
attracted to Evelyn. She was spared the need of finding an answer,
for ~~but~~ Evelyn proceeded, "Do you believe in anything?
In order to put an end to this scrutiny & to relieve her own
physical restlessness, Rachel pushed back her chair &
exclaimed, "In everything!" & began to finger different
objects, the books on the table, the ~~gro~~ fleshly leaved plant,

with the bristles which stood in a large earthenware pot in the window.

"I'm I believe in the bed, in the photographs, in the pot, in the balcony, in the sun, in Mrs Flushing — " She remarked, still speaking recklessly with some idea at the back of her mind that if she said something sufficiently outrageous ~~something would happen~~ it would relieve her restlessness, " but I dont believe in God. I dont believe in Mr Bax. I dont believe in the hospital nurse. ~~Who is this~~ ?" She took up a ~~photograph, or a man~~ I dont believe — " She took up a photograph & looking at it, did not finish the sentence.

"That's my mother " said Evelyn, who remained sitting on the floor, binding her knees together with her arms. Rachel remarks puzzled her. " Do you believe in her ?"

" No " said Rachel, considering the portrait. " I dont very much ". Mrs Murgatroyd looked indeed, as ~~if the~~ the ~~had~~ life had been crushed out of her; she knelt on a chair, clasping a small Pomeranian dog to her cheek as if for protection.

"And that's my Dad " said Evelyn, pointing to another photograph, by her bed side; ~~her father~~ she was very like her father; who had been a handsome soldier, with high regular features, & a heavy black moustache. His hand rested on the hilt of his sword.

"And its because of them, said Evelyn, as Rachel examined her fathers photograph, that I'm going to do my work. They weren't married you see; I'm a nobody. Hasn't anyone told

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told you? I'm not a bit ashamed of it. They loved each other anyhow; & that's more than most people can say of their parents — ~~But I'm going to help the other women" She asserted;~~

Rachel sat on the bed with the two photographs in her hands, looking at them, comparing them; the ~~people~~ man & woman who had, so Evelyn said, loved each other. That fact interested her more at the moment than the ~~history~~ misfortune ~~of their~~ ~~which~~ Evelyn was ~~beginning to tell~~. Campaign on behalf of unfortunate women which Evelyn was once more beginning to describe. She looked again from one to the other. ~~Evelyn paused~~

"What is it like, she asked, as Evelyn paused for a minute, being in love?"

"Have you never been in love?" Evelyn asked. "O no — one's only got to look at you to see that" she added.

She considered. "I was really in love once" she said. She fell into reflection, her eyes losing their bright vitality, & approaching something like ~~ten~~ an expression of tenderness. But — I wonder if I was? ~~I felt certain of it at the time. But I~~ I could have done anything for him! — ~~And yet~~ — Being in love, she said, is like Heaven. But it dont last, not with me".

"It was heavenly — while it lasted. The worst of it is, it doesn't last with me. That's the bother."

She went on to consider the difficulty with Alfred & Sinclair about which she had pretended to ask Rachels advice.

But of course she did not want advice; she wanted intimacy; When she looked at Rachel, who was still looking at the photographs on the bed, she could not help seeing that Rachel ~~the~~

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was not thinking about Evelyn, her. What was she thinking about then? What was she like, this tall, rather silent girl, who in spite of her silence, & shabbiness - & Evelyn noticed was one of the women who instinctively look at shoes & combs & the little insignificant parts of dress which severely show - possessed some kind of personality?

"People talk as much about love as they do about religion" Rachel remarked at last, putting down the photographs, & walking to the window.

"I wish you'd let down a tuck like a human being." said Evelyn.

Instead, Rachel opened the window, which was made in two long panes, & looked out down into the garden below.

"This is where we got lost that first night" she said, drawing her head in: in those bushes."

"It's where they kill hens" said Evelyn. "They cut their heads off."

"I'd like to explore the house" said Rachel. She drew her head back & Evelyn looked at Evelyn, who still sat on the floor.

"It's just like other hotels" said Evelyn.

That might be, although every room & passage & chair in the place had a character quite own in Rachel's eyes; but she could not bring herself to stay in one place any longer. She moved towards the door.

"What is it you want?" said Evelyn. "You make me feel as if you were always thinking of something you don't say. I wish you'd say it out loud. Tell me."

But Rachel made no response to this invitation either. She stopped with her

fingers on the handle of the door.

"I suppose you'll marry one of them" she said. Then she turned the handle, & shut the door behind her.

She walked slowly down the passage, running her hand along the wall beside her. She did not consider which way she was going, & therefore turned down a ~~left~~ passage which only led to a window & a balcony. She ~~looked down~~ stood on the balcony & looked down. She was looking at the kitchen premises, the wrong side of hotel life; which was cut off from the right side by a maze of small bushes. ~~Old tins~~ The ground was bare; old tins were scattered about; the bushes wore towels & aprons upon their heads to dry. Every now & then a waiter came out in a white apron & threw rubbish upon a heap. Two large women in cotton dresses were sitting on a bench with blood-smeared tin trays in front of them, & yellow bodies across ~~on~~ their knees. They were plucking the birds. Suddenly a chicken came floundering, half flying, half running, into the space; pursued by a third woman whose age could hardly be under eighty. ~~Her~~ Although wizened & lame she kept up the chase, egged on by the cheers of the others; her face was twisted with rage, & as she ran she swore in Spanish. Frightened by handclapping here, & napkin there, the the bird dodged round & round, & finally fluttered straight at its enemy; she promptly enclosed it in her scanty grey skirts, & then drew her knife & cut its head off with an expression of vindictive energy: & a look of triumph at the suitable to one who ~~beheads~~ other wounds a fracture. The blood & the ugly wriggling

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fascinated Rachel, so that although she knew there
that someone was standing beside her she did not turn to
see who it was until the thin old woman had settled down on the
bench beside her then. Then she looked up sharply.
~~Miss Allan was standing here~~ It was Miss Allan.
"Not a pretty sight" said Miss Allan. "I daresay however, it is
more humane than our English method. I dont believe you've
ever been in my room". She turned, evidently meaning
this as an invitation to come to her room, which, of course,
Rachel had never seen. Once more she suffered herself to
be led along, and more she felt that perhaps ~~she would~~
~~get what she wanted from~~ Miss Allan would give her what
she wanted.

The bedrooms of the hotel were all on the same pattern; they
had a floor of dark red tiles; they had a high bed draped in
mosquito curtains; they had each a writing table a dressing
table, and a couple of arm chairs. But there were no
coloured hat pins on Miss Allans dressing table; no scent bottles,
& & narrow curved scissors no flowers, no silk petticoats
lying on the chair. On the other hand, her writing table
was piled with manuscript; & a table stood by her chair,
heaped with dark books from a library, in which some
of these were many slips of paper putting out at different
thicknesses. Miss Allan had asked Rachel to come in out
of kindness, thinking that she was waiting about with
nothing to do. Moreover, she had liked young women;
she had taught so many. She looked about for something

to show her. She lifted three or four sections of the manuscript. "Age of Chaucer: age of Elizabeth: age of Dryden" she said. "I'm glad there are'nt many more ages. Wont you sit down, miss Vinrace? The chair, though small, is firm."

Rachel took the age of Elizabeth, & began turning the pages. It was an exquisitely neat piece of writing. The dates were in written in red ink. There were notes in the margin.

Euphues. The foundation of the English novel" miss Allan read over her shoulder. "Are you fond of books?"

Her face though much lined, & worn, had an expression of charming freshness & simplicity. ~~which~~

"O no, it's music with you, isn't it?" she continued. "~~But~~ And I generally find that they don't go together. Sometimes of course, we have prodigies — ~~perhaps you're a prodigy~~ Are you a prodigy?" She was looking for something, ~~on the mantelpiece~~ reached out & took a jar off the mantelpiece. (if you put your finger into this jar you may be able to extract a piece of preserved ginger) ~~Are you~~

Rachel could not reach the preserved ginger.

"Don't bother," she said, as miss Allan hurried about for a paper knife. "I don't think I ~~but~~ should like preserved ginger."

"I ~~insist upon your trying it, if you~~ if you've never eaten it I consider it your duty to try; Why, you may be adding a new pleasure to life —" miss Allan wondered whether she could use her button hook. "I make it a rule to try everything" she said "Don't you think it would be very annoying if ~~someone~~ you tasted ginger for the first time on your death bed, & found you had never liked anything so much?"

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"I should be so exceedingly annoyed that I think I should get well on that account alone." She was successful; a lump emerged in the crook of the button hook. While she went to wipe the button hook, Rachel bit the ginger; a cat and cried "I must spit it out!"

"Have you really tasted it?" Miss Allan demanded.

Rachel threw it out of the window.

"~~Experien~~ An experience anyhow" said Miss Allan calmly.

Let me see — I have nothing else to offer you, unless you would like to taste this." A small cupboard, hung above her bed, & she took out of it a slim elegant jar, filled with a bright green liquid.

"Crême de Menthe" she said. Liqueur, you know. It looks as if I drank, doesn't it; as a matter of fact it goes to prove what an exceptionally abstemious person I am. I've had that jar for twenty six years. She tipped it to one side, & from the height of the liquid, it could be seen that the bottle was still untouched.

"But why on earth —" Rachel began.

Miss Allan smiled in puface to her little story.

"When I went to Dresden six & twenty years ago, she said a certain friend of mine announced her intention of making me a present. She thought that in the event of shipwreck of accident a stimulant might be useful. However, as I had no occasion for it, I ~~return~~ gave it back on my return. On the eve of any foreign journey, the same bottle always makes it appearance; on my safe return it is always handed back. I consider it a charm

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against accident. Though I was once detained twenty four hours by an accident to another train, nothing has ever happened to the train in which I am. We have seen many climes & cupboards together, have we not?" She continued, now addressing the bottle. I intend one of these days to ~~have~~ buy a silver label, with an inscription. "It is a gentleman, as you may observe, & his name is Oliver". . . . I do not think I could forgive you if you broke my Oliver Miss Vinsau, she said, firmly taking the bottle out of Rachel's hand, & replacing it in the cupboard.

Rachel was ~~so much~~ swinging the bottle by the neck. She was interested by Miss Allan, to the point of forgetting the bottle. Well, she exclaimed, I do think that odd: to have had a friend for twenty six years, & a bottle, & to have made all those journeys — "I call it the reverse of odd" said Miss Allan. "I always consider myself the most ordinary person I know. Its rather distinguished to be as ordinary as I am. I forget — are you a prodigy, or did you say you were not a prodigy?

She seemed to know so much.

She smiled at Rachel very kindly. Would Miss Allan understand the extreme difficulty of everything? Rachel tried to think of ways of telling her. As usual, she grew restless, & got up & looked about her. Miss Allan

Rachel was tempted to ask her — what? [The extreme difficulty of everything seemed to come at one blow into her mind: She sat silent; ~~then she sighed~~ & after all she did not know what she wanted.] If Miss Allan had been a stone, she would have tried to strike a spark out of her. But Miss Allan was kindly woman of

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great dignity & reserve.

"~~The worst of me~~ I find it very difficult to say what I want to say," Rachel remarked; "I daresay that is because I play the piano naturally, & when I try to talk I say what I dont mean, which lands one in difficulties –

"It's a matter of temperament I believe" said Miss Allan. Some people ~~are~~ ~~far~~ have no difficulty; for myself ~~&~~ there are many things I ~~simp~~ cannot say. But then I consider myself very slow. One of my colleagues now, knows whether she likes you or not – let me see how does she do it – by the way you say good morning at breakfast."

~~I should think we w~~ It is sometimes a matter of years before I make up my mind – But most young people seem to find it easy."

"No" said Rachel, "I dont find it easy."

~~She appeared~~ Miss Allan was used to the difficulties of youth.

~~She managed to convey sympathy, though her words were not sympathetic.~~

She looked at Rachel quietly, saying nothing. Then she put her hand to her head; ~~it was true~~ one of the grey coils at the back was coming loose.

"I must ask you to excuse me" she said. "~~This~~ I must do my hair. I must change my dress for the matter of that; & I particularly request you to stay, because there is a tiresome set of hooks, which I can fasten for myself, but it takes from ten to fifteen minutes – whereas with your help ——"

She slipped off her coat, & skirt, & blouse; & stood doing her hair before her glass; a massive homely figure; her petticoat being short, so that she stood on a pair of slate grey legs.

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"People say youth is pleasant; I ~~p~~ myself ~~found~~ find middle age much pleasanter." She said. ~~Sometimes impeding her utterance~~ ~~fall~~ taking out her hair pins, & combs. ~~She had a very lett~~ then loosened. ~~When~~ Her hair ~~was~~ only hung down to her neck. "When one was young, things could seem so dreadfully important. If you were made that way — and now my dress" in a wonderfully short space of time her hair had been formed into the usual loop.

"~~She~~ The upper half of her body now became dark green; the skirt however needed hooking at ~~to~~ various angles. Rachel knelt on the floor & tried to find eyes which fitted hooks.

"Our Miss Johnson used to find life very unsatisfactory — & then she took to breeding guinea pigs for their spots — I have just heard that the yellow guinea pig has had a black baby. We had a bet of a sixpence on —" She looked at herself in the looking glass with a curious stiffening of her face "Am I in a fit state to encounter my fellow beings?" She asked. "That is a matter I believe, of the highest importance. Miss Johnson will be exceedingly proud." She moved about the room, acquiring ~~of~~ small objects — a locket, a ~~bra~~ watch & chain, a heavy gold bracelet, with quiet force.

Finally, completely equipped for Sunday tea, she stood before Rachel, ~~[illegible]~~ smiling kindly, & said, "Shall we descend?" ~~It is almost not tea time; &~~ She put her one arm round Rachel's shoulder; ~~& they~~ & stooping picked up a pair of walking shoes with the other, & placed them neatly side by side outside her door. ~~She looked~~ along the passage. Some As they walked down

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the passage they passed many pairs of boots & shoes, some black & some brown, all side by side, & all different. "People are so like their boots" said Miss Allan — "That is Mrs. Paleys" — but as she spoke the bedroom door opened, & Mrs. Paley rolled out, with a black silk bag on her knee, equipped also for tea. She greeted the others. "I was just saying that people are so like their boots" — said Miss Allan. ~~She said it again~~ Mrs Paley did not hear. She repeated it more loudly. Mrs Paley did not ~~see~~ hear. She repeated it more loudly still. Mrs Paley did not understand. She was apparently about to repeat it for the third time, when Rachel suddenly said something ~~about finding some one~~ inarticulate, & disappeared down the corridor in the opposite direction. This misunderstanding appeared to her utterly intolerable. It was the culminating point in ~~an~~ ~~of~~ a day of misery. She walked along blindly, until she found herself once more in a ~~cul de sac~~ passage which ended in a window; in the window was a chair & a table, upon which were placed an empty ink pot & an old number of a French newspaper. Leaning her elbow on the table, she sat down; she had no notion what to do.

This misunderstanding, ~~involv~~ involving ~~an~~ a complete block in the passage, seemed to her unbearable. She walked quickly & blindly in the opposite direction, & found herself at the end of a cul de sac; there was a table & a chair in the window; & upon the table ~~to~~ stood a rusty ink stand, while an old copy of a French newspaper lay

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in front of it. Rachel sat down; leant her head on her hands so that a spectator might have believed her to be reading; & a tear fell on the blurred French print. She raised her head with a shudder. "Its intolerable!" she exclaimed. Looking out of the window with eyes that saw nothing & were dazed by tears she indulged in a violent abuse of the day. From the beginning, at Church, to ~~the~~ old Mrs Paley blocking up the passage it had been a day of misery; ~~She was angry~~ because From start to finish she had been tantalized, & put off. ~~put off. She~~; ~~[illegible] in something always got between her &~~ [no one felt. They were determined that she should not feel.] As the ~~became~~ grew calmer, she became more general in her indictment of the world, imagining that she had ~~at length~~ reached one of those eminences from which a true view is obtained; the scene grouping itself together as a landscape does from a hill top. ~~At~~ length ~~last~~ the last haze was rubbed from her eyes; & ~~the~~ she saw that ~~the~~ the ~~universe is merely a mass of monstrous excrescences~~ world is bad; that there is a very little feeling, & enormous cathedrals; that ~~bodies~~ she saw that there are two streams. the things people feel ~~say~~, & the things they say. & that her discomfort arose because she felt, & the world conspired to ignore what she felt. Guided by this interpretation, she went back to the roots of her life; she thought of her Aunts, of the Dalloways, of Helen, of Mr Pepper, & of the crowd of people in the hotel. She disliked the look of it immensely. She saw the Churches. She saw the politicians. She saw women like Miss Allan ruled by men like Mr Dalloway.

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She saw Evelyn reforming prostitutes. She saw Mrs Bax preaching brotherhood; & Mrs Paley blocking up the passage. She was conscious of some hot current of feeling running beneath - struggling beneath it all, never coming to the top. For all the tortures she suffered as she sat there her single body might have been the source of this hot current. which tried to burst forth here - there - & was repressed now by Mrs Bax, now by Mrs Evelyn M. now by the entire weight of the world. Thus tormented, she would twist her hands together.

All human life was at that, perhaps, the little current trying to burst forth; & ~~she saw all~~ vaguely conscious that there were people in the garden beneath, she gave them the shapes of icebergs & in her mind, which impeded her. icebergs floating hither & thither, uncontrolled. without aim. What were they doing, those other people in the world?

"Nobody knows" she said. The force of her rage had spent itself; & as vision of the world became dim.

"It's a dream" she murmured.

She considered the rusty ~~pen~~ inkstand, the pen, the ash tray & the old French newspaper. These small worthless things seemed to her to represent to the lives of human beings.

"We've asleep, & dreaming" she said.

But the possibility that one of these shapes might be the shape of Terence roused her from her lethargy. She became restless again. The vision of the world was covered with a haze of red mist. "O this torment!" she exclaimed. But she was unable any longer to look at the world like a toy laid out beneath her. She was one more in the

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State she had been in all day. Thinking was no escape. Physical movement was the only refuge. Therefore she rose, leaving the table exactly as she found it, save that a blot rose in the middle of the ~~column~~ newspaper, where her tear had fallen.

The world was, so she thought, a complete misfit. From the tiny current of true feeling there ~~were~~ had grown huge impostures. Cathedrals, & men like Mr. Bax & Richard Dalloway. Women like Evelyn M. & Mrs. Paley. In the tumult of her mind she saw the good perpetually stifled by the bad, & ~~the real by the unreal~~. Miss Allan ruled by Mr. Dalloway, Evelyn reforming prostitutes.

"What is good they hate" she said; what one feels they refuse to let one feel."

Meanwhile the steady beat of her own pulse represented the hot

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& went down stairs. She ~~turned the corner of the hotel~~, went out of the hall door, & turned the corner of the hotel. She found herself among the people whom she had seen from the window. Owing to the broad sunshine after shaded passages, & to the substance of living people after dreams, ~~the~~ the group appeared with startling intensity, as though the dusty surface had been peeled off everything leaving only the reality & the instant. ~~She would be able~~ It had the look of a vision printed on the dark at night. White & grey & purple figures were scattered in the green round wicker tables; ~~there~~ in the middle the flame of the tea urn made the air waver like a faulty sheet of glass; a manure tree green stood over them, as if it were like a moving force held stationary. As she approached she could hear Evelyn repeating — "Here then — here — good doggie come here." ~~nothing~~ for a moment it all seemed to stand still. nothing seemed to happen. Then she realised that one of the figures was Helen Ambrose who they all were; & the dust again began to settle. The party group indeed had come together in ~~the~~ a miscellaneous way; one tea table joining to another tea table, & ~~the~~ deck chairs serving to connect two groups. But even at a distance it could be seen that Mrs. Flushing was in command of the party. She was talking vehemently to Helen across the table. "Ten days under canvas "she was saying" no comforts. If you want comforts, dont come. But I may tell you, if you dont come you'll regret it all your life. You say yes?"

At this moment Mrs. Flushing caught sight of Rachel.

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"Ah, there's your niece. She's promised. You're coming aren't you?"

Rachel ~~was~~ took up her part ~~threw herself into~~ ~~this~~ with delight.

"Of course I'm coming" she said. "So are you, Helen. And Mr. Pepper too." As she sat down she realized that she was surrounded by people she knew; but that Terence was not among them. From various angles, people began saying ~~that~~ what they thought of the proposed expedition. According to some it would be hot; but the nights would ~~be~~ too cold. There would be difficulties about a boat, & about speaking the language. Mrs. Flushing disposed of all of them, by announcing that her husband would manage all that.

Meanwhile Mr. Flushing quietly explained to Helen ~~how easy~~ & that the expedition was really a very simple matter; it took five days, at the outside; & the place ~~was really~~ a native village — was certainly well worth seeing before she returned to England. Helen did not commit herself to one answer rather than another. ~~It~~ although she understood that Rachel was ~~already~~ eager, to accept ~~to go~~. but then Rachel had moods.

The tea party included too many different kinds of people for general conversation to flourish. But from Rachel's point of view it had a great advantage; she need not talk. Over there Susan Arthur were explaining to Mrs. Paley that ~~Mr. Flushing~~ an expedition had been proposed; & Mr. Paley, having grasped the fact, pronounced her opinion that they should take nice canned vegetables, ~~insect powder,~~ & fur cloaks & insect powder.

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She leant over to Mrs Flushing & whispered something which from the twinkle in her eye ~~must~~ probably have had to do with bugs. Then Helen was reciting Toll for the Brave to St John Hirst — in order to win a bet. And Mr Hughling Elliot imposed quiet in one corner by his fascinating anecdote ~~of~~ about Lord Curzon. Mrs Thornbury was trying to remember the name of a man who might have been another Garibaldi, & had written a book which they ought to read; Mr Thornbury recollected that he had pair of binoculars; while Miss Allan talked in an undertone to the fox terrier which Evelyn had induced to come to them. Little particles of dust or blossom fell on the plates now & then when the branches sighed above. ~~Rachels~~ Rachel seemed to hear & see a little of everything; much as a river feels the twigs that fall into it, & sees the sky above it. Her eyes were too vague for Evelyns liking. She came across & sat ~~on~~ the ground at Rachels feet.

"Well?" She asked suddenly. "What are you thinking about?"

"Miss Warrington" Rachel replied rashly. She did indeed see Susan, murmuring to Mr Elliot, while Arthur stared at her with complete confidence in his own love.

Both Rachel & Evelyn began to listen to what Miss Warrington was saying.

"There's the ordering of the dogs & the garden, & the children coming to be taught, her voice proceeded rhythmically, as if checking the list, & my tennis, & the village & letters to write, for father, & a thousand little things that dont sound much, but I never have a moment to myself, & when I go to bed I'm so sleepy I'm off

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before my head touches the pillow — Besides, I like to be a great deal with my Aunts — I'm a great bore, aren't I Aunt Emma — (She ~~looked with a~~ smiled ~~sweet~~ at old Mrs. Paley who with her head slightly drooped was regarding the cake with speculative affection) & father has to be very careful about chills in winter which means a great deal of running about, because he won't look after himself, anymore than you will, Arthur!"

Her voice mounted too, in a mild ecstasy of satisfaction with her life & herself. ~~She appeared~~ Rachel suddenly disliked her. She appeared insincere, & cruel; she saw her grown stout & prosiffe, the kind blue eyes now shallow & watery, the bloom of the cheeks concealed into a network of little red canals.

"Did you go to Church?" Helen asked her. She had won her sixpence. & seemed making ready to go.

"Yes." said Rachel. "For the last time" she added.

~~He~~ In preparing to put on her gloves, Helen dropped one.

"Your not going?" Evelyn asked, taking the glove as if to keep them.

"Its high time we went" said Helen — "Dont you see how silent everyone's getting? —"

A silence had fallen upon the group, wh. ~~p~~ caused partly by the fact that they saw some one approaching. Helen could not see him but she read in all she wanted to know in Rachels face.

"~~Its~~ Hewet" she said to herself, as she slowly drew her gloves on —

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but, keeping her eyes fixed upon Rachel, she said to herself "Its Hewer" She ~~finis~~ drew on her gloves with a queer consciousness of the solemnity of the moment. Then she rose, & said good bye, for she saw that ~~Mr. Flushing had got him in her power~~ Mr. Flushing, it was useless to stay; & questions ~~& answers being bound to repeat themselves~~, was beginning to ~~ask que~~ all over again.

Rachel followed her. They walked in silence down the avenue. Much though Helen saw & understood, the ~~chief~~ dominant feeling in her mind was now curiously perverse; she did not want to go on the expedition, because ~~it would not be possible~~ as the inconvenience; the cd. not to have a bath.

"Its so unpleasant, being cooped up with people one hardly knows" she said. "People who mind being seen naked."

"You dont mean to go?" Rachel asked.

"I dont mean to go, & I dont mean not to go" said Helen. She became more & more casual & indifferent.

"After all, I daresay we've seen all there is to be seen; a native camp ~~is cant be~~ so very different from what one sees here & thinks all the bother of getting there - packing up - & making conversation. whatever they may say, its bound to be vilely uncomfortable."

~~She~~ Rachel walked for some time in silence, but as she walked she was painting a very unpleasant picture of Helens character. Another remark, ~~about~~ in the same tone, made her burst out.

"Thank Heaven I'm not you, Helen! I & sometimes think you dont think, or feel, or care, or do anything but exist! You've like Mr. Hurst. You just see that things are bad; & you

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pride yourself upon saying ~~they're bad~~ so. Its what you call being honest, ~~& all that~~ but ~~but~~ I dont agree. Its merely lazy. Its dull. Its nothing" ~~you dont~~ you dont help people. ~~You dont~~ or ~~you merely~~ put ~~them in their places~~. You put an end to happiness".

Helen smiled as if she liked the attack.

"Well?" she sugaired.

"I believe you're wrong - that's all" said Rachel.

"Quite likely" Helen replied.

At any other time Rachel would probably have been silenced by her Aunts candour; but this afternoon she was not in the mood to let anything alone.

"~~It~~ I sometimes think you're only half alive" she continued. "However - you dont mean to answer".

"Is it because I didnt accept Mr. Flushing's invitation?" Helen asked. or do you always think the same?"

"O its only whats the matter with everyone!" Rachel exclaimed. no one feels. no one does anything but hurt - ~~no one~~ I tell you, Helen, the world's ~~unhappy~~ bad - Its an agony living - wanting -" Here she tore a handful gleaves & crushed them to control herself. Those people, she tried to explain; they ~~seem~~ seem to me so purposeless. One gets driven from one to another; acts all the same. One never gets what one wants".

"That depends" Helen began; but she repented a little of her philosophy. Like everyone else, nothing interested her more than love; & she was inclined to think that she had been more than sufficiently repensive.

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"Come along, Rachel" she said, taking her by the arm, for she had stopped & was stripping leaves. "We're late already. I'm sorry I'm so dull; but you see — I was brought living with a writer, and get to hate scenes."

She then went on to say that on the whole she thought the Flushings scheme a very good one. ~~She saw no reason why~~ Why, if only needing a little consideration — which, it appeared, she had given it by the time they reached home gate, for they were both talking of the river, of the boats they must take, & of Mrs Flushing naked, ~~in bed, on~~ & of when Helen pushed it open. & of as Helen pushed the gate open.

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Helen & Mr. Flushing

Chapter Twenty Three.

When considered in detail by Helen & Mr. Flushing, the ~~plan~~ expedition proved neither dangerous, or difficult, or indeed in any way unusual. Parties of English people ~~m~~ went on it every year; saw the native village, & ~~went home~~ returned again, with a certain number of things they had bought from the natives, but without any damage ~~of any kind~~ to ~~their~~ mind or body.

They had seen the river from the mountain top on the day of the picnic. They had seen the broad blue mark on the sand, where it flowed into the sea; they had seen the trees mass themselves about it, & hide it completely, a few miles inland. ~~At first~~ At intervals for the first hundred miles or so, ~~there were~~ houses were scattered on the banks; ~~but~~ by degrees, the houses became huts; & later still there was neither hut or house, & the forest was visited only by harbers, explorers or merchants, ~~marching~~ marching ~~in procession~~ or sailing ~~where they could~~, but making no settlement.

~~The party~~ By leaving early in the morning, driving twenty miles, & riding eight, ~~it~~ the party of six English people reached the river side ~~by~~ as the night fell. They came cantering through the trees; Mr. & Mrs. Flushing, Helen Ambrose, Rachel, Threna & St John. The tired little horses then stopped automatically, & the English dismounted.

Mr. Flushing was in high spirits. She had left the hotel; she had only a brush & comb & two pairs of stockings in her knapsack; & ~~the her companions seemed~~ & she had

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engaged her vide immensely. The place excited her. The river ~~was so broad that~~ was swirling past in the darkness; they were in the midst of great trees; the green light was the light of the steamer, & as soon as ~~in~~ Wilfrid had done fussing with ~~the~~ men, they were to embark.

To some extent they all shared her excitement. But the dark had its usual effect of keeping them silent. ~~First~~ After they had dined at the ~~sun~~ house on the bank, ~~which~~ where there were German waiters, & a large picture of Queen Victoria; & ~~dire~~ though no other houses were within ten miles, they rowed out to the steamer wh. & immediately ~~moved off up the river~~. began to throb, & in five minutes shoved gently through the water.

The question of sleeping accommodation, as Helen had foreseen, now ~~became~~ presented itself. Mrs. Flushing would not sleep in a the ~~box the size of a~~ black hole smelling of oil, which ~~the~~ was provided for the three ladies. & yet as Helen had foreseen also, the idea of sleeping out on deck, with the gentlemen ~~could not~~ was dismissed with a one great shudder. Terence came to their help. He suggested an awning which ~~would~~ might be stretched between ~~separate~~ the sexes; & by means of deck chairs & parasols it was clearly possible for all processes of undressing & momentary revelations of bare flesh to be hidden even among ~~from~~ the ladies themselves.

This being agreed upon, mattresses were laid out ~~on deck~~; rugs provided; the night pronounced warm & fine; & ~~very soon~~ ~~Every one~~ very soon the three women were

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were stretched ~~out~~, ~~asleep perhaps~~ in sleep; if not in sleep itself in the half conscious state which precedes it.

The gentlemen, having smoked a certain number of cigarettes, dropped the glowing ends into the ~~water~~ river, & ~~peered down in~~ looked for a time at the ripples wrinkling the black water, beneath them & the star whitened sky above, undressed too, & lay flat at their end of the boat. One lantern illuminated the ~~lines~~ lines of the boards ~~and~~ of the deck; no light was cast on the trees which ~~b~~ bordered the river. ~~Mr~~ Wilfrid Flushing slept; Hirst slept; Hewet alone lay awake, looking at the sky. The feel of the boat moving under him down the river seemed to him to represent his own nature drawn onward & away from everything he knew. The motion had the effect of making it impossible to think; ~~Lo~~ Very peacefully, asking no questions, he lay watching the stars change over the trees, & the trees arch & sink & tower, until he passed from consciousness to dreams of ~~water~~ trees.

Next morning found them a considerable way up the river; on the right was a high yellow bank of sand tufted with trees on the top; on the left a swamp, quivering with long reeds & tall bamboos, on the top of which perched vivid green or yellow birds. ~~perched~~

They were sitting in the ~~st~~ bow. An awning & above their heads protected them from the heat of the sun; ~~& it was~~ the ~~it was~~ breeze ~~made it~~ aired them. Mr Flushing was ~~in~~ ~~the~~ already dotting & striping her canvas, her head jerking this way & that, much ~~as~~ like a bird nervously pecking up grain; the others had books, ~~or~~ pieces of paper, or embroidery on their knees,

at which they looked now & then; & then looked at again at the river ahead. Hewat read ~~a~~ part of a poem aloud; but the number of moving things entirely vanquished his words. He ceased to read, & no one spoke. They moved on under the shelter of the trees. Then was now & corey pred birds feeding on the little islets to the left, or again a blue green parrot flew shrieking from tree to tree. As they moved on the country grew wilder & wilder. The trees & the undergrowth seemed to be wrestling together, one growing into another in an impenetrable tangle; where here & there a splendid tree towered high above the rest, shaking its thin green umbrellas lightly in the upper air. Hewat read again —

Whatever you are holding me now in hand,
Without one thing all will be useless —

when a bird gave a wild laugh, or a monkey chuckled a malicious full stop.

Helen had the same experience with her book, "Five generations of an old Shropshire family." She ~~took to her embroidery~~ She stitched instead. found it impossible to concentrate her mind. ~~As the~~ The talk was very intermittent.

As the river narrowed, & the high sandbanks fell to level ground thickly grown with trees, the sounds of the forest could be heard. Then It echoed like a vast hall. There were sudden cries; & then long spells of silence, such as there are in a Cathedral, when the organ chords shall seem to be floating about the top of the pillars. But. Flushing

talked to the sailors, & announced that sometime after luncheon the steamer would stop, & they could walk a little way in the forest.

"There are tracks all ~~the~~ along the river" he explained. "We're not no distance far from civilization yet." He leant over & looked at his wifes painting. He was too polite to praise it openly; ~~so that~~ a he contented himself with a curious motion of the hand — ~~Shutting~~ ~~obscuring half~~ cutting off one half of the picture, & considering the other half with tightened lips.

~~"No more. Alice!" he exclaimed.~~

"~~Lad!" said Hirst,~~ "~~I feel rather like was thinking~~ i

"Lord!" Hirst exclaimed. "~~I feel quite like the late Sir Walter Raleigh — It has the~~ I see now ~~why~~ where the Elizabethans got ~~their style~~. Its ~~Isn't it~~ superb?" he asked Helen.

~~I~~ She thought his admiration affected, & replied that it was not really much better than an English river — the Severn say.

"Helen quite agreed; but refused to say so, because she thought his admiration affected.

"The Elizabethans probably got their style from this sort of thing" Hewet mused. "~~Sir Walter Raleigh — how was this the river they discovered when they came to South America?~~"

"Shakespeare?" said Rachel vaguely.

"I hate Shakespeare!" Mr. Flushing exclaimed.

"~~My wife~~ You're the only person I know, said Wilfrid, ~~is the only~~ admiringly who dares to say that."

"~~Never read~~ She did not seem to attach much importance to the husbands compliments.

The morning was now very hot.

"Look at Hirst!" said Mr. Flushing, suddenly. His shut up after

had slipped onto the deck; his head ~~was thrown back~~ lay back, & he drew a long snoring breath.

Terence picked up the sheet of paper & spread it out before Rachel. It was the poem upon God which he had begun in the chapel. It was so indecent that Rachel did not know what it meant, although she understood that it was indecent. ~~Hirst had~~ Hewet began to fill in words where Hirst had left blanks. but soon ceased. Gradually they approached nearer & nearer to the bank on the right hand side; so that their ~~light~~ light became ~~faces showed~~ green; ~~from~~ in the & Mr. Flushing angrily set aside her sketch & began another. While they were at luncheon, the ~~boat~~ boat ceased to throb; & lay still a little way from the bank. ~~They~~ ~~A few strokes took them to the shore,~~ The boat wh. was towed behind was brought to the side. ~~They were rowed ashore, to the shore,~~ For protection against boredom, Helen took the Memoirs of the old Shropshire family; & Mr. Flushing her paint box, & thus equipped they allowed themselves to be put on shore, on the verge of the forest.

They had not strolled more than a few hundred yards along the track which ran ~~ex~~ parallel with the river, before ~~Mr. Flushing~~ ~~he~~ Helen found that it was unbearably hot.

"I shall sit down here" she announced, pointing to a the trunk of a tree which long ago had fallen, & was now laced across & across by creepers, & thong like brambles. She seated herself, opened her parasol & looked at the river, wh. appeared through the ~~which was~~ through the trees.

"I agree" said Mrs. Flushing; & proceeded to undo her paint box. Her husband ~~selected a point of view for her, a few~~ strolled about to select an interesting point of view for her.

~~Well, said~~ Hirst ~~arranged a spot~~ cleared a space of ~~comf~~ ground by Helen's side, & seated himself with the deliberation of one who suspects thorns. & rheumatism.

"Well, said Hewet, looking at the group, "of all the people ~~unadventurous~~ I've ever met, you're ~~the least adventurous~~ the oddest. You ~~remind me of~~ might be in Hyde Park —"

"Nonsense" said Helen. "One's only got to use one's eyes." You won't gain anything by walking."

"You'll be hot & disagreeable by tea time; & we shall be cool & sweet" put in Hirst.

It seemed to be taken for granted that Hewet & Rachel were to walk together. ~~They turned away~~ Without one look at each other they turned away.

"Goodbye!" cried Rachel.

"Beware of snakes" Hirst replied. He settled himself still more comfortably under the shade of the fallen tree, & Helen's figure. Whether made by man, or for some reason preserved by nature, there was a wide pathway striking through the forest at right angles to the river. It ~~w~~ resembled a drive in an English forest save ~~that~~ ~~for trees or either~~ for the tropical bushes with their sword-like leaves at the side, & the springy moss, which covered ~~on the~~ ground instead of grass. ~~The~~ ~~But when they had walk~~ As they passed into the depths of the forest, the light grew dimmer & the noises of the ordinary world were replaced by those creaking & sighing sounds which suggest ~~to that a person~~ that the traveller in a forest is ~~walking in a forest~~ ~~a likeness between~~ walking at the bottom of the deep sea. ~~They both felt as if they were walking at the bottom of a~~ ~~deep quivering m~~. The path narrowed, & turned; the hedged in by dense creepers which ~~sw~~ knotted free to tree, & burst into starry shaped crimson blossoms.

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The sighing & creaking was broken every now & then by a jarring of
~~of some startled animal.~~
voice. The atmosphere was close & scented. The green
light was broken here & there by a round of pure yellow sunlight which
fell through some gap in the vast umbrella of Green above.
They spoke very little. Then the silence weighed on them.
Butterflies circled in these yellow spaces. Hewet picked
up a cone & threw it as high as he could. They heard the
flapping of great wings. They heard the cone patter through the
leaves & fall. The silence was again profound.
"Does this frighten you?" Terence asked at length.
"No" said Rachel. "I love it"
She was stepping fast & holding herself erect.
"It would be perfect to walk like this for ever" she added.
"Just us together?" Hewet asked.
"Yes, alone together" she replied.
"~~Yes~~" he returned. "That is what I have felt ever since I knew you."
He took her arm; & held it within his.
"We are happy together".
"Very happy" Rachel replied.
They continued to walk for some time in silence. They steps
unconsciously quickened.
"~~Free~~. ~~Happy~~." said Terence. "We love each other."
"We love each other" she repeated.
~~Nothing else matters "said Terence."~~
What else matters? We have freedom. We walk together. ~~It all ours~~.
"~~We love~~ Faster & faster they walked. until the strain was intolerable,
& they swung into each others arms. Releasing themselves, they
dropped on the earth.
"What have we.

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Nothing matters but that. She rests a dream. We have each other. Speaking at together their voices joined; ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~voices~~ in tones of strange intensity.

Simultaneously they stopped & clasped each other in their arms. Releasing themselves they dropped to the earth.

"~~What have~~ we done?" Rachel asked

She ~~st~~ sat staring at the bushes.

Sounds stood out from the background making a bridge across their silence; they heard the swish of the trees, & some beast croaking in a remote world.

"We love each other" Terence repeated. He ~~looked~~ ~~p~~ searched into her face. ~~They~~ Their faces were both very pale, & quiet. She said nothing. By degrees she drew close to him, & rested ~~her~~ against him. In this position they sat for some time. She said 'Terence' once; he answered 'Rachel.' The next movement was on his part; he took out his watch.

"Flushing said an hour. We've been gone more than half an hour."

"And it takes that to get back". said Rachel.

She raised herself very slowly. When she was standing up she stretched her arms ~~wide & yawned~~ & then drew a deep breath, half a sigh, half a yawn.

"Which way, ~~is it~~? – " she asked.

"There" said Terence.

They began to walk back down the ~~p~~ mossy path again. The sighing & creaking continued far overhead; & the jarring cries of startled animals. The butterflies were circling still in the patches of yellow sunlight. Familiar though it looked, Terence was puzzled. They went wrong once; & had to

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return, & start afresh. He was certain of the direction, of the river but he was not certain of the striking the point where they had left the others.

"I dont want to be late, he said, because its important to start before five thirty – so Flushing said." He gave Rachel a flower. "Ah! thats ~~too~~ must be path – you see, we turned – I forgot". Eventually they found themselves in the broad path, which was like the drive in an English forest.

"There they are." said Rachel.

At the end of the drive they saw Helen sitting on the tree trunk. with Hirst by her side. ~~They were quite close before~~ /

As they approached ~~Hirst~~ ~~Helen~~ Helen heard them. She turned & looked at them; ~~Shall~~

"Mr. Flushing's gone to ~~look~~ find for you" she ~~as~~ remarked.

~~We~~ ~~to~~ He thought you'd be lost"..."

"~~I believe~~ Was it worth the effort?" Hirst enquired.

"Hot" said Hewet, sitting down & fanning himself.

"Very hot" said Rachel.

Mr. Flushing now returned, slightly cross, & ~~as~~ in his capacity of leader of the expedition, rather dictatorial.

"Being late wouldn't matter normally of course" he said, "but when its a question of ~~favourable~~ keeping the men up to time." He hailed the handsome sailor, & they were soon on board again.

The heat of the day was going down, & Mrs. Flushing, released for a space from the creation of works of art, stood in the bow, ~~laughing~~ declaiming, with sudden bursts of laughter. The others drank the tea, which Helen provided in ~~the~~ ~~tin~~ tin cups.

"What more can any one want?" she wished to know.

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There's air, there's trees, there's no one to ask you silly questions. You need never speak to another human bein'!" She addressed himself to Terence in particular. She wanted to know what he would do if the boat struck a rock, a sank? "Would you care for anythin' but saving yourself? Should I? No - no - "she laughed." Nobene scrap. There's only two creatures the ordinary woman cares about — her ~~husband~~ child & her dog. And I don't believe its even two with men. One reads a lot about love — that's why poetry's so dull — But what happens in real life, eh? It aint love!" She cried, grasping the rail & laughing so that she showed her even white teeth. Mr. Flushing was in ~~one more in his usual~~ smoking a cigarette, as urbane, as usual. "You must always remember Alice, he said, that your upbringing was very unnatural — They had no mother, he explained to Helen, & a father who cared only for racehorses & Greek statues. Tell them about the bath, Alice."

"In the stable yard" said Mrs. Flushing. Covered with ice in winter. We had to get in; if we didn't we were whipped. The strong ones lived; the others died — the survival of the fittest. An excellent plan, I daresay."

"And all this going on in the nineteenth century — in the heart of England!" Mr. Flushing exclaimed.

"I'd treat my children just the same if I had any" said Mrs. Flushing.

"Don't believe her, Miss Rachel" said Wilfrid. Mrs. Flushing appeared indifferent whether she was believed or not; the her eyes expressed nothing but her fierce joy in the wild place they were passing through.

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They put down their cups & gathered in the bow; the river had widened again; & they were passing an island in the midstream; two great birds stood ~~on it~~ there, on stiltlike legs; the beach was unmarked save by the print of birds feet. The forest was more twisted & angular than ever.

"It makes one awfully jumpy -" Herst complained. "These trees get on one's nerves. Its so crazy. God is undoubtedly mad. What sane person would have conceived a wilderness like this, & peopled it with apes and alligators?"

"Theres a kind of grandeur - colour, isnt there?" Rachel hazarded.

"Grandeur & colour!" Helen took her up. Its the most gorgeous place I've ever seen. Look at the way the trees mass themselves, look at the amazing colours in the water. Look at the shapes of the trees."

"And in my opinion, Mr. Flushing continued, the absence of population to which Herst objects, is precisely the significant touch. You must admit, Herst, that a little Italian town even would vulgarise the whole scene, would detract from the sense of Elemental grandeur - I own it makes us seem pretty small - us - but not them" he nodded his head at a sailor who leant over the side, spitting into the river, a careless, handsome man.

"That, I think, he continued, with the gesture which was a little like the gesture of an ~~plausible~~ persuasive auctioneer, is what my wife feels - the essential superiority of the peasant to the cultivated person -

~~Terence~~ ~~Whole he spoke~~ Under cover of Mr. Flushings words

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Terence drew Rachel to the side, pointing ostensibly at a tree fallen into the river.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"Stunned" she replied, while Mr. Flushing flowed on.

"While I talk, Alice goes straight for the real things. Its an extraordinary fact, but Alice, who's never had an hours teaching in her life &c &c .. fundamental reality &c &c. German professors .. &c &c -

"What have we done? Is it true or not?" Rachel murmured, looking other own hand clenched upon the rail, as if she doubted its reality.

"~~Its~~ The truest thing there is" he murmured in her ear.

~~One of those~~ The evening suddenly became very cold. There was a general move to find cloaks. Rachel & Terence were separated; nor could they speak ~~to~~ to each other again that night.

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Chapter Twenty Four.

Thanks to Mr. Flushing's discipline, the eight stages of the journey were reached at the eight hours, & when next morning again, the deck chairs were drawn out in a semi-circle in the bow, the launch was within a few miles of the native camp. Mr. Flushing told them to keep their eyes upon the left bank, where they would soon see a clearing, & in that clearing a hut where Mackenzie the famous explorer had died, some ten years ago — Mackenzie, the man who had ~~been~~ explored further ~~down the Ame into the country~~ inland than any one, so far.

Their eyes turned that way obediently. The eyes of Rachel saw nothing. Yellow & green shapes did it is true, pass before them; but she only knew that one was large, another small; she did not know that they were trees. She felt that life was suspended until she could talk to Terence again. She was merely eyes on a body. The degree to which the country had been explored kept Hurst & Mr. Flushing engaged in question & answer; the others with legs stretched out, or chin poised upon the hands gazed silently.

A certain change had come over Helen's mood. She felt uneasy. Looking on shore, as Mr. Flushing bade her, she thought the country beautiful, of course; but also salty & alarming. She did not like to harbour unclassified emotions; & certainly, as the launch slipped on & on, in the hot ~~sunny~~ morning sun ~~shine~~, she felt herself unreasonably moved. What the cause of it was she could not determine. She As usual, she began to tease herself with fears for her children. followed her anxieties upon

Hirst ~~took~~ chose this moment to

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stop writing & begin to talk.

"I spent a thoroughly uncomfortable night" he said. "My bones seemed to come through everything. So I worked at my poem ... The "Something awful has happened". he remarked. It is quite possible that I have proved the existence of God. I ~~spent~~ ~~t~~ had a very bad night; so I worked at my poem — ~~with the result that I really~~ & every step in the argument makes it more & more probable — What shall we do if he does exist? ~~God~~ an old gentleman with a beard, in a long blue night gown? ..... God — ~~Sod~~ — ~~pod~~ sod — I've wish you'd suggest a rhyme ~~come to an end of the rhymes~~ —" Happily Helen was not called upon to answer, for Mr. Flushing exclaimed "There!", & they all looked at the hut on the bank; a desolate place ~~with the~~ with ~~which had~~ a large vent in the roof; & the ground ~~was~~ was scarred with fires, & scattered with rusty tins ~~were scattered round it. about wretchedly.~~

"And then people go & marry!" Said Mr. Flushing unexpectedly, as if he had been pursuing a train of thought of which this was the conclusion. No one answered. They scarcely moved, except now to change a foot, or again to strike a match. Their eyes, ~~were~~ concentrated upon the bank, were all a full & the same green reflection, & their lips were slightly pressed together, as though the sights they were passing gave rise to thoughts. What ever their thoughts may have been, no one said anything for a considerable space. They ~~had~~ ~~grown~~ had grown so accustomed to the wall ~~profusion~~ of trees on either side, that they turned ~~looked up~~ with one accord when the light seemed suddenly to widen out ~~on either side~~.

~~"This~~ It always reminds me of an English Park" Said Mr. Flushing.

no change could have been greater. On both sides bands of the river lay an open ~~flat~~ lawn like space, grass covered, & planted for the gentleness & order of the place suggested human care, with trees upon ~~mown~~ little mounts. As far as they could see, this lawn ~~swelled~~ rose & sank, with the smooth motion of an English park. The change of scene suggested change of position.

"It might be Arundel & Windsor" said Terence, leaning on the rail. "no-you'd have to cut down that bush with the yellow flowers — & by Jove, look!"

Rows of brown backs paused for a moment & then leapt with a motion as if they were springing over waves, out of sight. For a moment, none of them could believe that they had really seen wild animals in the open. The sight aroused a childlike excitement in them.

"I've never seen anything bigger than a hare!" Hint exclaimed, with genuine excitement, "~~I wish I'd brought~~ what an ass I was to forget my Kodak?"

In a few minutes the launch began to slow down. The captain's intention was to allow his passengers to take ~~their~~ a stroll on shore; &, if they chose to return he would take them on to the camp, ~~but~~ or if they chose to walk, he would meet them at the landing place. The matter being settled, the boat once more put them on shore.

Directly they landed, Terence & Rachel drew together, slightly ahead of the others.

"Thank God!" Terence exclaimed, drawing a long breath.

"At last we're alone"

And if we keep ahead, we can talk" said Rachel.

Nevertheless they were both silent.

"You do love me?" he asked at length, breaking the silence with an effort.

"And you?"

"I worship you."

Again they were silent.

"Now I'm going to begin at the beginning" Terence resumed. I'm going to tell you what I ought to have told you before. In the first place I've never been in love with other women; but I've had other women. Then I've great faults. I'm moody. I'm very lazy.

~~"I'm lazy. I'm weak.~~"

"You're to know the worst you. I'm lustful; I'm overcome by a sense of my own incompetence. I ought never to marry. I'm very ambitious. I'm a bit ya such. I'm —"

"Listen to my faults now. I'm a fool — I'm —"

"Rachel! nonsense! ~~You're~~ free! Don't you see — you're like no other woman!"

"I'm a fool" she repeated, "never know my own mind. Tell me this; am I in love? ~~Is this being in love?~~"

"~~We're~~ You're free!" he exclaimed, without answering her.

"~~It is~~ Foreign time will make no difference, or marriage, or anything else — ~~that may happen~~."

"The voices of the others behind them kept floating now further for now nearer.

"~~Why~~ marriage?" she

"~~What~~ do you love me?" she asked.

"It'll be the most magnificent thing in the world!" he

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replied. Rachel – the things we'll do together!"

"~~Terence~~! you ~~And then what happens? Marriage?~~"

"~~Marriage; & fifty years together~~"

Lou: ~~Fifty years together~~!"

Terence! the things we'll do!"

Shouts behind them warned them that they were taking the wrong direction. ~~They~~ Turning to the night, they continued.

"The books. The people. The sights."

She added "Music".

He continued – All that's been so bad, ~~so~~ all ones had to pretend, the things one's put up with in default of better – that's over now. ~~Helping life I've wasted.~~"

"The loneliness, the dreams –" Rachel added –

~~We will walk about London at night~~" she concluded.

"And at night we'll walk in the streets" she added.

"I shall introduce you to Mr. Nutt."

"And we'll go to tea with Mrs. Hunt."

The mist which had enveloped them since the previous afternoon making all contact even with each other unreal, began to melt; through it they saw the world swept clean. They saw England, London, Richmond; they saw all their friends with new faces. Now & again Rachel glanced at Terence curiously, observing ~~the man in~~ the grey coat, & the shabby purple tie of the man with whom she was going to spend her life.

"Yes" she said, as if speaking to herself, there's no doubt; I'm in love with you." It'll be a fight, Terence, she added, her eyes kindling with pleasure; you with your faults I with mine

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~~But~~ Then, as if she read ~~some~~ more deeply into his character, she exclaimed, "Where I want to fight, you have compassion. You're finer than I am"

"Not finer" he replied. "Older, lazier, a man, not a woman".

"A man" she repeated. "Eyebrows & bristles."

Rubbing his chin he remarked that it was impossible to shave on the steamer. The rubbing of his chin ~~f~~ seemed to ~~produce~~ bring back to him the sense of ~~strag~~ strangeness & unreality, as if he could not believe that his old body ~~was still~~ was enjoying ~~t~~ such happiness. What's happened? he began. Why did I propose? I hadn't meant to?"

Neither of them could remember what had been said.

"We sat upon the ground" he recollected.

See Page 56 "Yes." We sat upon the ground" she remembered.

The recollection, at least, seemed to unite them curiously. They walked on in silence; but they were no longer divided by a barrier of things that had to be said.

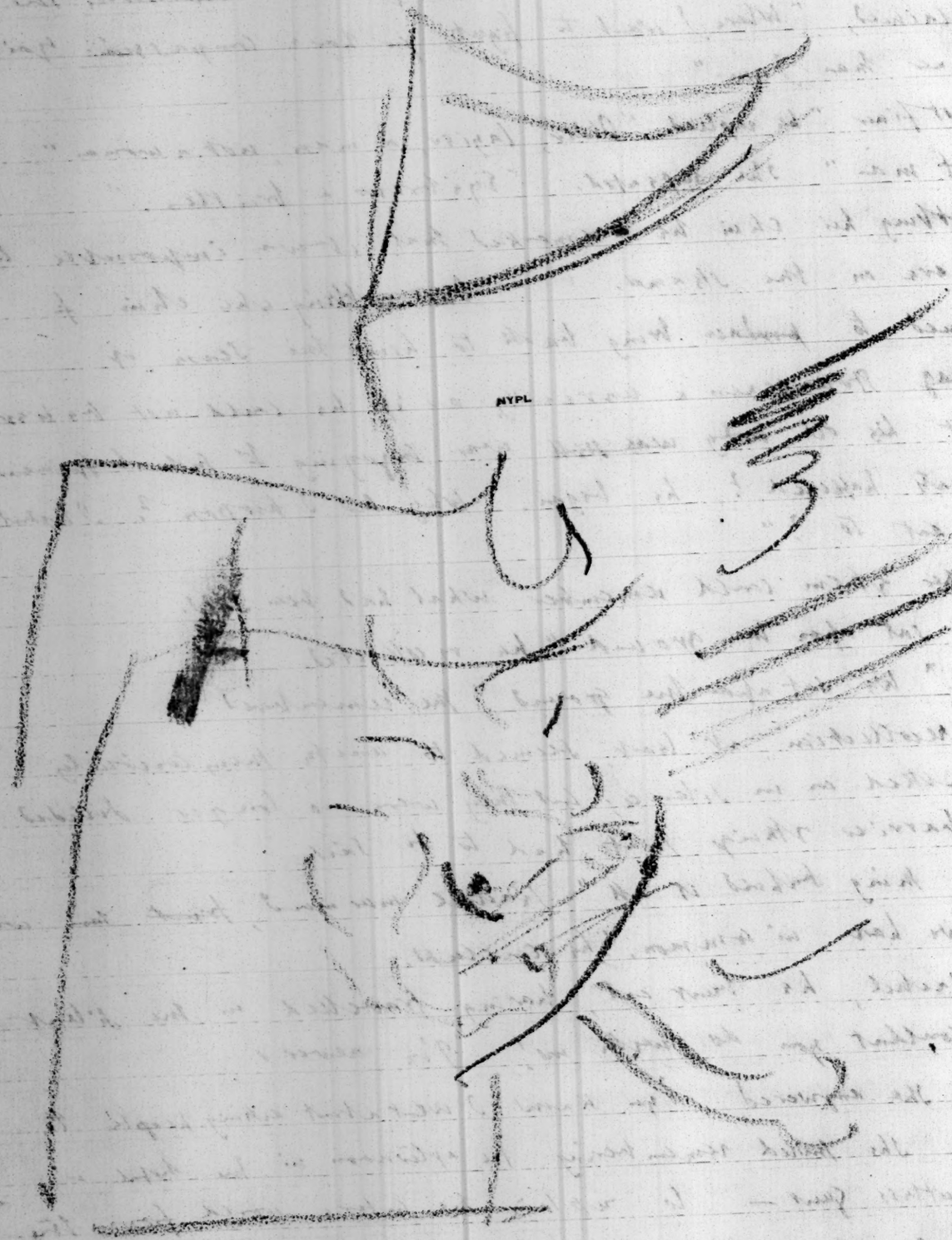
"Its the thing behind it all" Rachel murmured, ~~front~~ ~~in~~ with "That we have in common." he concluded.

"God, Rachel, he burst out, having travelled in the silent interval, What couldn't you do with me! I're never.

And I – she answered, d'you know I went about asking people to explain – she smiled remembering the afternoon in the hotel & her fruitless guest – to explain the entire world from the very beginning – which is what you're going to explain Terence!

What it means –

"We'll go on motor buses. ~~I dare~~ say you're ~~never done~~ like that".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"And we'll tell each other – We haven't begun yet". I haven't even told you that I'll marry ~~love~~ you."

Her declaration of love led on, in the same indirect way, to an enumeration of her faults, & from that to those more profound truths which are conveyed by small words at the end of long silences.

~~Far behind~~ Meanwhile far behind Mr. Flushing was gesticulating & shouting. Once more Terence was veering to the left, &, as they walked half again as fast as the others, the distance between they was now considerable.

"You go on; & I'll fetch them" Helen volunteered.

She had been watching the two figures all the time, ~~with~~ as if she could ~~arrive at~~ this arrive at what they were saying. For this reason if for no other, Mr. Flushing's discourse upon South American Art, poured soullessly into her ear, & Hirst & Mr. Flushing, ~~argu~~ wrangling about trees & Education, sounded like the yapping of foxterriers. Before Mr. Flushing could protest, Helen was off, sweeping through the long grass at a considerable pace. The figures continuing to retreat she broke into a run, uttering Rachel's name in breathless ~~gasps~~ shouts. Rachel heard at last; looked round, saw the figure of her Aunt only a hundred yards away, & at once took to her heels. Terence stopped to ~~stayed~~ ~~ran too~~. But Helen ~~be~~ swept past him, cantering over the waring ground like one of the ~~her~~ themselves, & ~~ga~~ pulling handfuls of grass & casting them at Rachel's back, abusing her roundly as she did so. Here Rachel was at fault: she turned to look, caught her foot in a twist of grass & fell headlong. Helen was upon her. Too breathless to scold she ~~contenten~~ spent her on rage in

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rolling the helpless body hither & thither, holding both wrists in one firm grasp, & stuffing eyes ears nose & mouth with the feathery tassels of the grass. Terence head them panting & gasping more like retriever puppies than grown women.

~~He~~ ~~Rachel was~~ With laughter & effort Rachel was beyond speech. He took Helen by the shoulder & finally she laid her flat on the ground, her arms out on either side of her, her hat off, her hair down.

"Own yourself beaten!" she gasped. "And beg my pardon".

Lying thus flat, Rachel saw Helen's head pendent over her, very large against the sky. A second head loomed ~~in~~ above it.

~~Ter~~ "Help! Terence!" she cried.

"I've a right to protect her" he exclaimed, when Helen was for protesting. "~~She's going to marry me~~! We're going to be married".

For the next ~~two~~ few seconds they rolled indiscriminately together, imparting handsfull of grass together with attempted kisses.

Separating at last, & attempting to tidy hat & hair, Helen exclaimed,

"Yesterday! I knew it!".

~~&~~ Not very far away Terence saw ~~the white~~ Mr. Flushing, ~~white~~ white coat & great Panama hat. Nothing further could be said; "~~We must now inspect the native camp" Terence remarked~~. nor was their demeanour entirely natural when he joined them, & ~~led~~ took them back to the path ~~which~~ where Hirst & Mr. Flushing were waiting, before proceeding to the native camp.

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Mr. Flushing led them on to the native ~~camp~~ village. It was built in a clearing not very far from the river side; & consisted of huts built in a circle, standing upon poles. ~~"Little bathing machines"~~ It was inhabited, according to Mr. Flushing by Indians with a strong dash of Spanish blood in them. They occupied themselves in making baskets & embroideries; but, while their own products were probably worthless, they might be possessed of ~~older~~ beautiful things made by their ancestors.

"~~Just~~ Doesn't ~~lest~~ it ~~like~~ remind you of a row of bathing machines?" Hirst inquired of Helen as they stood in the clearing. Up in their huts, the women were squatting in a triangular position, sewing or plaiting straw, or doing other things in the dim interior. They took no notice of the strangers, though their long narrow eyes slid round & fixed upon them. Mr Flushing talked to a fine old gentleman; & the others moved carefully round. ~~They peered in into~~ Peering inside the huts, they saw guns leaning in the corner, bowls & rushes; they saw children clasped tight in the arms of their grandmothers. The eyes seemed to follow them without hostility but without great interest. A woman let down her shawl & uncovering an exuberant breast gave it to the lips of her baby while she stared unconcernedly at the men & women who ~~seeing~~ could not restrain a certain degree of shyness ~~at the~~ seeing such a sight together. Diamond shaped spots of sunshine slid over her, making her shawl now red now brown. The English felt themselves very large & well nourished & formal, like soldiers in among a crowd of children. Mr. Flushing came up, his hands full of strips of stuff embroidered, ~~glossy~~ columbines turning & twisting, in thin glossy silks. It was very inferior work, he explained, showing

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the influence of debased European art. Since civilisation had reached these people were rapidly forgetting their own traditions in admiration at the skill of Paris & Birmingham. He pointed out that the women themselves were wearing beautiful ~~shawls~~ stuffs of thin blue stuff marked with great dark spots; ~~which~~ handkerchiefs of ~~st~~ individual & curious patterns. He began to explain what he wanted, & to enter into a long process of bargaining. The life of the village seemed to go on without any notice being taken of the strangers. The women went on plaiting at the straw, half in sunshine, half in obscurity; or occasionally rising & disappearing inside, or crying something melodious but unintelligible to the woman in another hut. A great gabble of voices, suddenly rose; a child was beaten; it fell again. A woman crossed the open space carrying water on her head; another sat heavily down with a fresh bundle of straw & began to sing, rocking slightly from side to side. It was a chant, rather than a song, sliding up a little way & down a little way & settling on the same note over & over again. Her eyes occasionally wandered over the strangers, without seeming to convey any idea to her mind.

Terence watched the brown, oily, & unexpressive face.

"~~It makes us seem small, doesn't it~~?" Terence whispered to Rachel. ~~They're like~~ ~~Their~~ They're face's are like beings" ~~Terence~~ he whispered to Rachel. "One's no conception what they're thinking — It makes us seem a little small."

"No" she replied "We're as great as anything in the world." They dont feel what I feel".

He strolled a few paces away with her.

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"What do you feel?" he asked.

"Its like iron thrust through one" she replied. "Too much. Loving isn't joy; its almost pain!" The sight of the native camp ~~w~~ affected them all to some extent, & all differently. While in Rachels case it seemed to intensify her feeling, it rendered Helen again apprehensive of some unknown ~~doom~~ disaster. While the others strolled about, & Rachel & Terence once more ~~disappeared~~ drew together ~~in the~~ to compare their ways of loving, she stood alone, made conscious of being alone by the sight of Rachel visibly passing away into communion with some one else. ~~She~~ Standing there in the sun, in the middle of the native hats she suddenly realised that she hated the place. In front she was the awful waste of trees ringing with the cries of beasts; behind her the enormous smooth swirling water. It was terrible & hostile land. What did their pretence of competence & wisdom amount to? Mr. Flushing had now bought a few shawls & old brooches, & they began to walk back to the place where the steam launch was waiting for them. As she walked by his side she reflected that all the disasters in her experience seemed to have come from civilised people forgetting how easily they may die. She saw looked at the figures of Terence & Rachel walking ~~together in front~~ were in front; & ~~saw them~~ seeing them as man & woman joined for life, ~~very small~~, & ~~for some reason so~~ her eyes filled with tears.

They had ventured too far & they ind. be mocked at.

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~~At six o'clock that evening the boat turned~~

By ten o'clock that night the boat was steaming back again, the punctuality & discipline of triumphed once more. Mr. Flushing having ~~contrived to keep the men strictly up to time~~

~~Having discuss~~ A long discussion upon the fundamental principles of art & literature had wearied Mr. Flushing to such an extent that her sighs, as she lay back smoking a cigarette in the semi darkness, ~~& seem gave~~ finally daunted ~~the ardent spirits of~~ ~~not but Flush~~ her husband, on the verge it seemed, of a discovery.

Sitting once more in a semi circle, but with their faces turned the other way, a desultory argument flickered spasmodically between Hirst & Mr. Flushing; but the day had been long & very hot, & the ~~soft~~ air seemed to press fingers upon the eyelids. Soft profound sighs came with such persistence from the white mound which was Mr. Flushing, that her husband rose, suggested bed, & himself saw to the stretching of the screen. Helen, Terence & Rachel were left alone. The light which came from an oil lamp & from a sky ~~whitened~~ pale with stars left them with shapes, but without features at a little distance. Even in ~~this~~ the darkness, however, the withdrawal of the others made them feel each other very near. For some time no one spoke. At last Helen said,

"So you're both very happy."

As if washed by the air her voice sounded more spiritual & ~~lower~~ softer than usual. Voices ~~on either~~ at a little distance replied "Yes."

"I ought to give you advice, ought I?" she proceeded. Through the dimness she was trying to see what Terence looked like.

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"D'you realise what you've undertaken?" she asked him.

She's very young, & very foolish for her age. She's had no experiences. I've done my best, but she's not obedient. You agree, Rachel? There was Mr Dalloway for instance. There was — ~~Well — you'll have to be careful.~~ You must expect revelations about once a week."

Through the darkness she could just see the two young people glancing at each other; & wisely concluded that they thought themselves possessed of superior knowledge. She leaned.

"Go on" Rachel demanded.

"Marriage will probably open her eyes" Mrs ~~Ar~~ Ambrose stated.

"That's what we want you to tell us —" Rachel replied. "What's it like — marriage?"

~~Ve~~ "That depends on Terence" said Helen. ~~She~~ All the time indeed her eyes were on him. He sat up & tried to ~~give her~~ throw light upon himself.

"I'm twenty seven; & I've seven hundred a year," he began. My temper is good on the whole, & health excellent, though Hirst detects a gouty tendency. Well then, I'm very intelligent, in spite of Hirst; but & unfortunately rather lazy not industrious. I intend to allow Rachel to be a fool, if she wants to. We shall live in London & —"

"Walk in the streets by night Helen. Do everything's that's to be done Helen! Enjoy every second of every thing! Don't you envy us? Won't it be magnificent? Can you imagine two people much happier —"

Hush — Helen checked them both ~~her~~. "Mrs Flushing's ~~just~~ behind you."

Rachel showed a disposition to look behind the awning, where

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the majestic lady lay recumbent.

Then they fell silent. ~~The p. H.~~ Terence & Rachel guessed that their happiness had made Helen sad.

"~~Tell us about yourself~~" Terence begged, "We've talked too much about ourselves." Tell us —

Tell us — Rachel echoed. They were both in the mood to feel that every person they talked to ~~might~~ must divulge enormous truths. Helen seemed to talk to herself, however, in no very prophetic vein.

"Its odd" she said. "I'm half way through my life. I've two children. I'm in the thick of it all, & you're just beginning — I sometimes think its disappointing — I should say puzzling. What does it all amount to?

What can I tell you? After all, though I scold Rachel, I'm not really very much wiser — I'm half way through my life — Well — its puzzling — the great things aren't so great perhaps, as one expects — but its interesting — Oh yes — you're certain to find it interesting. And so it goes on — " they became conscious here & the procession of dark trees into which as far as they could see Helen was now looking — " & there's a great deal of pleasure where one doesn't expect it — (You must wire to your father) And you'll be very happy I've no doubt. But I must go to bed — & if you are sensible you will follow in ten minutes " & so " the rose & stood before them, f almost featureless, & very large — Goodnight — " She passed behind the curtain.

After sitting in silence for a great part & the ten minutes she allowed them,

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they hung over the rail. Beneath them the water smooth black water slipped away very fast & silently.

"An odd woman" Terence murmured.

Rachel knew her too well to think her odd. ~~She~~

Are we on the deck of steamer, in South America, at midnight?" she asked. "Am I Rachel, are you Terence?"

~~They~~ The great black world lay all round them. It seemed possessed of immense thickness & endurance. They could discern pointed tree tops & blunt rounded treetops. Raising their eyes slowly above the trees they fixed them on the stars. ~~They look~~ The little points of frosty light infinitely far away drew their eyes like magnets; so that it seemed as if they fell a great distance when one moon they realized their hands grasping the rail, & the presence & nearness of their bodies side by side".

"You forget all about me" Terence said. "but I never forget about you". They began to pace the deck; but the awnings impeded them.

"We'll draw the mystic curtain" Rachel whispered; & drew ~~aside the~~ they peeped at Helen & Mr. Flushing lying under rugs. Walking to the other end of the boat they came upon Hurst & Mr. Flushing asleep also.

"They're all asleep" said Terence "We're <u>migathe</u> the only living people alive in the whole world". We're the happiest people.

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Chapter Twenty Five.

"Women" said Terence, "~~would it be correct to say that~~ In looking glass. Not vainer than men. Lack of self confidence. On the whole more emotional. How – is it true that you dislike your own sex? ~~How could test these generalisations!~~ what do you say Every woman is at heart a rake. ~~Would~~ Rachel?"

Rachel said nothing. Up & up the steep spiral on very late Beethoven sonata she climbed, energetically at first, like a person ~~climbing~~ ascending a ruined staircase, then more & more laboriously, advancing planting her feet fast with effort until she could go no higher, & returned to begin at the bottom again.

"One moment Rachel is it ~~not~~ true to say that women ~~ironically~~ are more practical than men – less idealistic? ~~Surely each other's beauty is it? I don't find you~~

Attacking her staircase once more, Rachel again neglected this opportunity of clearing up the mystery of her sex.

"Read that" She said, tossing a letter at Terence's head. He put down the note book in which he was entering facts suggestions for his novel, & read aloud,

I passed a girl in Oxford St. this afternoon who reminded me so absurdly of you, that I'm sitting down directly. to" Who the devil? Clarissa Dalloway?"

"Mrs. Dalloway" said Rachel curtly.

~~Terence~~ When are you? How are you? And have you read Jane Austen, & are you coming to see me? Come in October & I shall have something two – its a secret! – to show you."

"By which he means a male child" said Rachel. swinging

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Sound & crashing down a final chord with her left hand in conclusion.

"No Terence, its no good; here am I, the best musician in South America, not to speak of Europe & Asia, & I cant play with you in the room, interrupting every other second."

~~She was~~ "~~Well, give it up,~~ No one wants to hear you play" said Terence. "Nice old simple tunes are some help to literary composition, but this kind of thing ~~merely worries me~~. ~~It's like a~~ is merely like an unfortunate old dog going round on its hind legs in the rain ~~going round~~ — " He picked up other letters which lay on the table. "Your father must be a very nice man" he concluded. "I think we shall get on together." ~~This is~~ And here's Mr Pepper" said Rachel. She displayed a card upon which a few lines of greek were written ~~in an~~ exquisitely in ~~clear hand~~ purple ink. "And Mrs Thornbury — & Evelyn — & Miss Allan!" — I dear — the lies people will tell!"

"Its only that they aren't used to expressing themselves — all possible wishes for all possible happiness — correct. but not very vivid, is it?"

"Words! Rachel exclaimed. "Think of words compared with sounds! Think of novels & plays & histories" she continued — Perched on the table edge she stirred the red & yellow volumes contemptuously. Terence proceeded to examine them.

"God, Rachel, you do read trash!" he exclaimed. "& you're behind the times too, my dear. No one dreams of reading this kind of thing now — antiquated problem plays, & ~~novels~~ ~~pict~~ harrowing ~~pictures~~ descriptions of ~~life~~ ~~& [illegible] life~~ — life in the east end — I dont know, but I think Hewet would tell you that they're exploded all that — Poetry, Rachel

~~Read~~ poetry, poetry, poetry!" ~~he~~ Prose & poetry.

"I'll never read another book" she stated. "One thing made clear to me. You & St John. you're frauds. As for your teaching me, all you've done is to bore me considerably & send me back to my music. Gibbon!" She tossed the first volume high in the air.

"I'll never ~~let~~ you let you touch my books!" Terence ~~re~~ cried, stretching to save his book from a crashing ~~into~~ into the water jug. "A very nice edition too. I wonder where Hint got that?" With the sensitive fingers of a true lover of books he ~~began to~~ turned over the pages.

"Does it ever seem to you that the world is composed entirely of matter?" ~~Rachel asked. vast blocks of matter~~ vast blocks & that we're ~~like~~ ~~sun beams, pass flickering~~ nothing but patches of light." Rachel she argued looked at the sun light flickering & over the carpet & the wall — like that?"

"~~My dear Rachel~~, If "no" said Terence. "~~& it'd did~~ it, I should I'm glad to say it doesn't — not at any rate since I was at Cambridge, where of course if one was apt to fall into ridiculous states of semi coma, about five in the morning."

"The day your note came asking us to go on the picnic I was sitting where you're sitting now thinking that."

"Perhaps that explains why you ~~lived~~ said "Human being" so abruptly. When I first saw you, Rachel, I thought you were like a creature who'd lived all its life among pearls & old lives. Your hands were wet, d'you remember?"

"And I thought you an awful prig" she recollected. "At last,

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I thought you & St John were very like those ants, stealing the tongue. You seemed oppressed with all your virtues, I suppose — St John is still. But when I talked to you, I liked you."

"You fell in love with me" he corrected her.

"No: I do never did that" she asserted.

"Rachel — what a lie!"

"~~Terence —~~ "No, ~~the continued~~ she continued; ~~I've never felt what people say that they feel.~~ Its the world that tells the lies; ~~Evelyn Ms. a Susan~~: I tell the truth." ~~which is that falling in love is a~~

~~He agreed~~ She crumpled together a handful of letters congratulating her in the familiar phrases upon ~~being~~ her engagement ~~happiness~~.

"Lies!" she said. "I ~~'ve never~~ The harm they do by pretending things are what they aren't, Terence, is ~~worse than~~ so considerable that if I were Evelyn & believed in 'doing' things, I'd spend the rest going life in ~~saying so~~. going up to wicked old women & saying Bo! ~~in their~~ to their faces. But its the men who are the worst liars. ~~Men like Mr. Dalloway & Mr. Flushing.~~ Its ~~men who really~~ keep ~~take~~ the conventions going; Men ~~do like ceremonies~~ ~~don't they?~~" are such * humbugs."

Happily for the freshness of their intercourse, & for the serenity which generally marked it, ~~Teren~~ they were each apt to pay no attention to what the other was saying. ~~Helen saw in this the best~~ for long spaces together.

Terence was reading the letters, & therefore ~~ga~~ made no answer.

"Of course their absurd, Rachel — of course they use no sentences just because other people are them — but what a nice woman Miss Allan is! One can see that, can't one — a Mr."

Thornbury — if only she had not been quite so prolific, & if only

half a dozen of her children had ~~been a disappointment~~ gone to the bad, she has merit too, hasn't she?"

Then ~~the~~ Maria announced "Mr. Hirst!" — He came in, looking as he always did, curiously buttoned up in a neat grey suit, & fenced against the exuberance of a Southern climate, & remarked without shaking hands "I didn't mean to come here today — but I was positively driven to it" — Helen waited for an explanation in silence. St John ~~had~~ lunched with them almost daily.

"Evelyn M." ~~saw~~ he remarked, ~~having~~ as he lay ~~lying~~ back in an arm chair, "That woman intends to marry me — She pursues me about the place. This morning she appeared in the smoking room. All I could do was to seize my hat & fly. If I'd let out I was coming here, she'd have come too".

"Well, we must ~~bear~~ make the best of it" said Helen. She had, as a matter of fact, heard almost enough about the Bar, about Cambridge, about the ~~pursuit~~ five philosophers, ~~about~~ lover, about uric acid, about the horrors of family life; & ~~he~~ had been known to wish that the pursuit of truth ~~might be~~ was confined relegated to a cooler climate — but St John had one ~~supreme~~ saving grace — he didn't mind what one said to him. In Helen's case, this was apt to me ~~a sage~~ said nothing. They sat in silence. She therefore Ridley was late; but Serena & Rachel were later. At length they came down ~~went~~ in to ~~luncheon~~. Disputing & apologising & went in to luncheon.

"St John has been ~~is being~~ chased here ~~pursued~~ by Evelyn" Helen remarked.

Appalling woman! St John exclaimed. She thinks there can be nothing in the world quite so splendid as logic "he imitated her enthusiastic manner" so I've lent her

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The ~~Theory~~ Principles of Mathematics". It'll be interesting to see how long she can keep it up" —

"There's a Gibbon upstairs ~~if the~~ Rachel rally suggested. "That's the ~~book for open~~ test. Of course it's a question whether she'll understand it"

"O ~~you're~~ do that up incorrigible" St John replied. ~~Lance~~ Dennis over absence, he continued, the ~~most~~ most appalling things have happened in the hotel has become a hot bed ~~of vice & intrigue~~ hotel. Evelyn — but that's a secret — "nonsense" Terence interposed.

"~~You've heard~~ Gen's told you about poor Sinclair?" St John enquired.

"Sinclair has retired to his mine, with a revolver" said Terence. He writes daily that he's thinking of committing suicide. I've ~~advised~~ assured Evelyn that he's never been so happy in his life, & so far I could tell. She was inclined to agree —

"Then there's Perrott" St John added. "She seems to be more or less engaged to ~~Smiling~~ on him — Except ~~that she~~ when I'm there. I wish I hadn't such a fatal attraction for females. Its so depressing, always having to ~~say no to them~~ blast their hopes". Vennings said to be tired of Susan. & I distinctly heard old Mrs Paley rapping out the most fearful oaths as I passed her bedroom door. Its supposed that she tortures the maid. —

"~~Now~~ When you're eighty & the gout tweezes you, you'll swear like a trooper — "~~Terence~~ said Terence. Cant you imagine him? Bald as a coot, with a pair of sponge bag trousers, a little spotted tie, & a corporation".

"The worst infamy is still to be told" Hent continued, paying no attention.

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"They've hoofed out the prostitute". One night while we were away, that old numskull Thornbury was doddering about the passages very late. No body seems to have asked what he was up to. He saw ~~Donna~~ the signora Dolores Mendoza, cross the passage in her dressing gown. He communicated his suspicions as they call it to Elliot, with the result that Rodriguez went to the woman, & gave her twenty four hours to clear out of the place — no one seems to have enquired into the truth of the story — or to have ~~ask~~ asked Thornbury & Elliot what business it was of theirs. protested; they had it entirely their own way. I'm going to get up a Round Robin, something's got to be done, dont you agree?"

Hewet remarked that there could be no doubt as to the lady's profession. "Still, he added, I ~~agree~~ I dont see whats to be done — unless we leave in a body."

"I shall make it precious uncomfortable for Elliot anyhow" said Hirst. "~~He's an unpleasant little devil at the best of times.~~

"We'd better draft a memorandum" Helen suggested.

"Its monstrous, I quite agree with you, St John. The hypocritical smugness of those English makes my blood boil — A man who's made a fortune in trade, as Mr. Thornbury has, is ~~certain to be of~~ as twice as bad as any prostitute —

"& a professor of Coptic Rachel added, is merely another prostitute name for — what is this ~~word~~ called, St John?" ~~up side down~~"

Having disposed of the situation thus satisfactorily, Terence went on to say that he & Rachel were going down to the hotel that afternoon. & he would make a point of seeing whether

there was any truth in the story. He did not trust Hirst entirely.
"~~Prostitute~~ He has such a ~~passion for~~ hatred of ~~in~~ immorality. He ~~find~~ perfects it everywhere."
"I'm not going down to the hotel, all the same" said Rachel, with determination. "I put it to you, Helen. Terence says we must go ~~down & be pawed & fumbled over by all those all blue bottles~~ because they've been so kind to us —
But just imagine — the eyes of all those women!"
"But, my dear, no one'll look at you! You're consumed with vanity Rachel. You're a monster of conceit! Surely Helen, you ought to have taught her by this time that she's a person of no conceivable importance whatever — neither beautiful, nor well dressed, nor conspicuous for intellect or elegance or deportment grace. A more ordinary right man you are, Rachel, except for the tear in your dress, has never been seen —"
"That may well be" said Helen. "But she's right. In theory ~~at any rate~~ all the same. It's a fact I've often observed. Directly anything happens to one — it may be a engagement, or a death — I think myself they ~~really~~ prefer death — every one wants to see one. They ask you to lunch & to tea. They've got nothing to say; they don't care a rap for you. But you have to go & see them. If you don't, they're hurt. That's how I quarrelled with all my relations."

Gift Woolf 29/8/62

From LEONARD WOOLF
Monk's House, Rodmell, Lewes, Sussex

Tel. Lewes 2385

29/8/62

John D Gordan Esq
NewYork Public Library, Fifth Avenue, New York 18

MS of Virginia Woolf's VOYAGE OUT enclosed, see my letter of today's date.

Leonard Woolf

It is not so easy to understand why the ~~pictur~~ moving picture versions of famous novels, & imaginary adventures are so popular — they fill three fourths of the programme — unless it is that moving pictures are simpler, quicker, more direct in their appeal, than ~~print~~ the ~~most~~ best printed prose can ever be.

~~The~~ The eye at last is being given stuff to feed upon: perhaps in England we have starved it too long. It will take anything you choose to give it, ~~&~~ places, people, animals, plants, ~~the~~ the waves, things that never happened, things that were written about, things that could not possibly happen anywhere. What the brain does with all this material, it is difficult to say. Judging from personal experience, we should be inclined to ~~say~~ believe that it remains quiescent through the greater part, amused but not stimulated; that there are wonderful moments of pure sight; & that for the rest ~~the whole~~ a marvellous confusion reigns, a welter of music of facts, of fiction, of forms. Whether we are fumbling towards some new form of art which is to have sound a movement & shape, to be like life & yet to be selected & arranged like a work of art, who can say? — In the meantime we remain happy, greedy, & indiscriminate.

Hewet & Rachel had long ago reached the particular place on the edge of the cliff where one could look down into the sea. Looking the other way the vast expanse of land gave them a sensation which is given by no view however extended in England; the villages & the hills there having names, & their foreign ~~[illegible]~~ as often as not dipping & showing ~~including a little~~ line piece of mist which is the sea; here the view was one of infinite sun dried earth, earth pointed heaped in pinnacles & heaped in vast barriers, earth widening & spreading away & away like the immense floor of the sea; & earth chequered by night & by day; ~~an~~ ~~Earth that merges~~ Earth was partitioned into different land that became ~~other~~ lands where famous cities were founded, & the races of men changed from savage to civilised & back ~~aga~~ to the savage again. Perhaps their English blood made this ~~for~~ prospect uncomfortably, & impersonal & hostile to them, for having once turned their faces that way, they next turned them to the sea, & for the rest of the time sat looking at the sea. The sea, though it was a thin & sparkling water here, which seemed incapable of surge or anger, eventually narrowed itself, clouded its pure tint with grey & swirled through narrow channels & darked ~~broke~~ in a shiver of broken water against ~~obstinate~~ massive ~~jagged~~ granite purple rocks. ~~It flowed gently up the [illegible] inlets~~, & It was this sea that flowed up to ~~meet~~ the mouth Thames; & the Thames washed the roots of the city of London. Hewets thoughts had followed some such course as this, for the first thing he said was, as they stood on the edge of the cliff "I'd like to be in England."

Rachel ~~sat~~ lay down, on her elbow, & parted the tall grasses which grew on the edge so that she might have a clear view. The water was very calm; ~~rock~~ it was rocking up & down at the base of the cliff; & was so clear that ~~one~~ she could see the red rocks through it. It had been so at the birth of the world. Probably no human being had ever broken that water with a boat or a body. Obeying some impulse, she determined to ~~mar~~ ~~change~~ mar that eternity of ~~p.~~ peace; & threw the largest pebble she could find. She watched the ripples. Hewet looked down too.

"Its wonderful" he said, as they widened, & ceased. He meant that the freshness & the newness were wonderful. He threw a pebble next. There was scarcely any sound. "But England" ~~said~~ Rachel murmured, in the absorbed tone of a person whose eyes are concentrated upon some sight. "What d'you want with England?" She continued to look down; but Hewet raised himself, ~~into a sit~~ & sat up.

"My friends chiefly" he said "and all the things one does".

He could look at Rachel without her noticing it. She was still absorbed in the water, & the exquisitely pleasant sensations which ~~the~~ the sea deep over rocks suggests.

She was wearing a dress of ~~the~~ deep blue ~~cotton~~ colour, made of soft & thin, ~~so that~~ cotton was it clung to the shape of her body. It was a body, with the angles & hollows of a young womans body not yet developed, but in no way distorted, & thus interesting, & even lovable. Hewet observed her head; she had taken her hat off, & the face rested on her hand. ~~the cheeks were~~ As she looked down into the sea, her lips were slightly parted. The expression was one of

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Childlike intentness, as if she were watching for a fish, ~~as~~ to swim ~~by~~ past. Nevertheless, her twenty four years of life had given her a look of reserve. Her hand ~~the~~ which lay with the fingers curled in upon the ground & was well shaped & competent; the ~~square tipped fingers~~ square tipped & nervous fingers were the fingers of a musician. ~~She~~

With something like anguish Hewet realised how attractive her body was to him. She looked up suddenly.

Her eyes were full of eagerness & interest.

"You write novels?" she asked.

For the moment he could not think ~~we~~ what he was saying.

He was overcome with the desire to hold her in his arms.

"Oh, yes" he said; "That is I want to write them."

She would not take her large grey eyes off his face.

"Novels," she repeated. "Why do you write novels? You ought to write music. Music you see, she shifted her eyes, & became less desirable as her ~~mind~~ brain began to work, inflicting a certain change upon her face, music goes straight for things. It says all there is to say at once. Now with writing it seems to me, ~~on~~ there's so much — she paused for an expression — scratching on the match box. Moreover the time when I was reading Gibbon this afternoon, I was horribly, oh internally, damnably bored!" She gave a ~~laughed~~ shake of laughter, & looking at Hewet, ~~a laughing~~ who laughed too.

"I shant lend you books," he remarked.

"Why is it, Rachel continued, I can laugh at Mr Hurst to you, but I cant to his face. At tea I was completely overwhelmed, not by his

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ugliness — by his mind." She ~~enclosed a great circle~~ drew a circle in the air with her hand.

"So I observed" said Hewet. "That's a thing that never ceases to amaze me" he said. He had recovered his composure to such an extent that he could light & smoke a cigarette. "The respect that women, even well-educated, very able women have for men. I believe we must have the sort of power over you that we're said to have over horses. They see us three times as big as we are, or they'd never obey us. For that very reason, I'm inclined to doubt that you'll ever do anything even when you have votes. ~~& all the rest of it — you're so abs~~ It'll take at least six generations ~~bef~~ before you're sufficiently thick skinned to deal with ordinary men of the world. So with law courts & offices. Consider what ~~bullies~~ a bully the ordinary ~~man~~ he is. ~~Consider the ordinary man of business the ordinary politician. You'd have no chance against~~ him. The ordinary, hardworking, rather ambitious, not very well off, solicitor, or man of business with a family to bring up, & a certain position to maintain. And then of course, the daughters have to give way to the sons; the sons have to be educated; they have to bully & shove for their ~~sons &~~ wives & families — & so it all comes over again. ~~And~~ Meanwhile there are the women, sitting in the drawing room, or shopping." Do you really think the vote will do you any good?

"The ~~A~~ vote?" Rachel repeated. She had to visualise it as a little bit of paper which she ~~dropped into a box~~ before she understood his question. Not me" she said. "I play the piano."... But men — she continued. Are they really ~~such~~ brutes? I'm not afraid of you."

"~~No~~" Oh I'm different" Hewet replied. "I've got between six & seven hundred a year of my own. And then one can't take

writing seriously, mark Heaven. There's no doubt it does compensate a man for all the drudgery if he's taken very very seriously by everyone. & gets an appointment, & a title, & lots of letters after his name. I dont grudge it them — though it sometimes seems a marvellous concoction — the whole of our masculine concoction — Judges, Soldiers, Homes of Parliament, Lord Mayors procession — It sometimes seems a little absurd. Judges, Civil Servants, Clergy, Doctors, & the Lord Mayors procession —

There's old Hirst now. I assure you, not a days past since we came out here without a discussion upon ~~the advant~~ his profession — the advantages of the bar over ~~cambi~~ a dons life, & vice versa. And if I've heard it twenty times, I suppose his sister & his mother have heard it well over five hundred. Cant you imagine the family conclaves, & the sister told to go out & feed the rabbits because St John must have the ~~the~~ schoolroom to himself! "St Johns working" "St John must have this letter posted" Dont you know the kind of thing. What wonder then if St John does ~~take himself~~ a ~~little too seriously~~?" think it all a matter of considerable importance — ~~of the greatest importance~~?" "~~But~~ It is too. He has to earn his living". Hewet puffed in silence. But St Johns sister — no one takes her seriously, poor creature. She feeds the rabbits".

"I've fed rabbits for twenty four years" said Rachel. "~~& its full of marvels.~~" ~~With great animation & laughter on her lips she went on to describe her life at Richmond, as it now appeared to her.~~

Class Distinctions.

At the present ~~moment~~ day, when so many keen intellects are at work testing what we feel a think & leaving us often but a tiny seed where there was once a poetly grain, it is natural to fight shy of big.

~~One of the~~

It is certain that ~~one of the~~ distinctions between us & our fathers ~~lies in~~ is the far greater.

Forty or fifty years ago ~~we should not have felt the least~~ it would not have been difficult to get a ~~plain~~ direct answer had one ~~asked~~ been young then & asked some respectable ~~old~~ elderly ~~man~~ man ~~gentleman~~ to tell us ~~the meaning of the term gentleman~~. what he meant by the term "gentleman". He would, unless we very much mistake the nature of those times, have begun by saying that he did not understand us, a curious display of outraged reticence, for it was not his habit to talk of his feelings. Then, in a few terse & well worded sentences, he would have described a straightforward, honourable, ~~chalv~~ ~~chivalrous~~ ~~manly person~~, who was ~~incidentally well-born~~, kind to ~~animals~~ children, ~~devoted~~ chivalrous to women & devoted to dogs; incidentally it would appear that he was of good enough birth, & probably not very poor. It would not have been a subtle ~~of~~ definition, but it would have been convincing. for We should have felt that ~~apart from~~ underneath his definition, ~~there was no doubt that~~ he ~~knew~~ had no doubt whatever that he knew what he meant. After all, the literature of the Victorian age abounds in portraits of gentlemen, & praise of gentlemen. The word

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Gift of Leonard Woods 9/26/62

Gift of Leonard Woolf 9/26/62

Italy is current today, but we are never sure that we know what we mean by it. "A ~~true~~ perfect gentleman" — that may be a very good way of saying that some one is merely a well dressed, nicely mannered, conventional prig. The attributes which we believe went to the making of the type have all gone down in value. Chivalry is worse than useless. Honourable is suspicious & as for being kind to children, that may well be more ~~folly~~ & ~~misunderstanding~~ sentimentality, & devotion to dogs ~~spells today~~ means ~~as~~ that you enjoy killing things. As for the ~~other~~ rest, birth & wealth they have ceased to be talked about. Indeed, it would be very difficult ~~you would need great courage~~, or ~~great intimacy to~~ accost anyone today with ~~is so-a-so~~ ~~what is a~~ today to ask anyone seriously, what do you mean by gentleman?

But to pretend that our class distinctions have all run in to each other, or that "gentleman" is not freely used in private to finish off sketches of ones friends, would be untrue. It means something, only it does not mean quite what it used to mean, nor are we at all sure how much we admire the qualities which we agree make a man a gentleman.

Let us consider in the first place how we use the word in ordinary conversation. We generally dont like using it; we use it as an aside, often in a whisper, or with a laugh, or ~~wet~~ after a curious stumble & hesitation. You have been, let us suppose, to interview the ~~landlord~~ tenant of a house you have just let.

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Asked to give some idea of his character to people interested in the matter, you assert that he was obliging, sensible, seemed ready to meet you about the doing up of the bathroom, but ~~It is obvious that~~ ~~at~~ Something is wanted ~~wrong~~ - something that will animate the whole - but you hesitate to say what - Then someone helps you out - "what one calls a gentleman?" ~~to~~ - not quite what one calls a gentleman" - Ideas now that is the soul of the portrait - ~~That carries more~~ He is not a gentleman.

In ~~pyie cases cut often it simply means that the man in~~ question But It sounds simple enough, but directly you try to analyse it further you ~~are~~ are adrift. It has nothing to do with what is called niceness; it is scarcely a question of clothes, or cleaniness, or even good manners. ~~Appearance~~ Rather it is a question of everything; you cannot say what started the opinion ~~judgment~~ - ~~how~~ what helped it - justified it - or put the last nail in. What is certain is that as he stood talking about ceilings & baths & dilapidations, the matter was decided, irrevocably, indisputably. For in this infinitely delicate & ~~subtle~~ confused question, one thing is sure; ~~ev. you are~~ there is never any doubt as to who is a gentleman & who is not. Put the case to the test; among intimate friends it is an amusing game - Divide all your acquaintance into those who are, & those who are not - & at the end you will be faced by the further problem - & it is here that we differ from the Victorians - ~~that~~ does is it anything against a man that he is not a gentleman? is it ~~anything~~ against a man that he is a gentleman?

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Nor have we ever found ourselves in an empty house. The ordinary Cinema hall is crowded with men & women, old, elderly & young & a fair proportion of children. ~~Without from the~~ They listen & look with the greatest attention, & prompt us to wonder whether why they have come, & whether, as is after all very likely, ~~they have not come from much the reasons as we~~ We have not all dropped in from very much the same kind of reasons.

×

The strange way in ~~power~~ which this isolating ~~isolation simple~~ device of ~~isolating something from its context~~ something from its context heightens its meaning, is still more apparent in the photographs of ordinary sights, such as mountains clouds or trees.

Nor have we ever seen a daffodil grow from bud to flower; or a ~~deaths head~~ caterpillar furl itself into a chrysalis, ~~& a deaths head moth finally emerge~~ & the chrysalis split & let forth a deaths head moth with crumpled wings.

Indeed it is ~~the~~ curious to see how instinctively the mind rejoices in ~~tests~~ the truth of a scene. ~~by the~~

Even the accidents in a true picture are delightful — the little boys playing leap frog ~~women chatting~~ up a bye street, while the ~~King passes~~ ~~low~~ Coronation procession passes down Pall Mall — or the ~~cat native~~ Indian woman talking to her neighbour.